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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

DECEMBER 22, 1954

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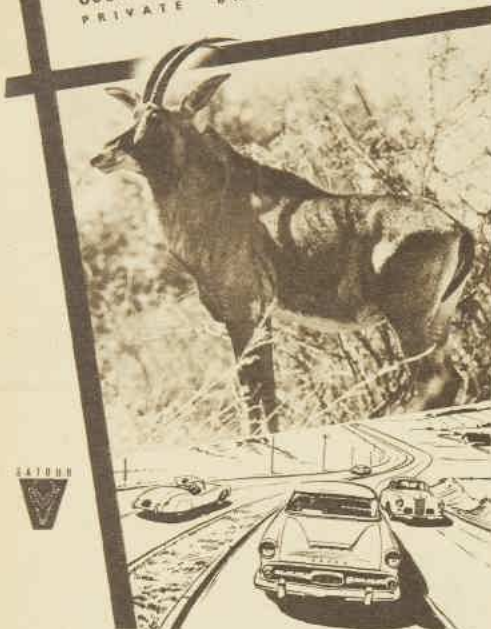
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

DECEMBER 22, 1954

Vol. 22, No. 30

ON THE THRESHOLD

THIS week some 112,000 young Australians are standing on the threshold of their adult life.

Last week they were children—school-boys and schoolgirls subject to the benign discipline of the class-room.

Now, though still little more than children in age, they are citizens with their way to make in the world and the much harsher disciplines of life before them.

On how they make that way, and how they adjust themselves to those disciplines, much of the future of Australia depends.

In many respects the 112,000 young people leaving school this month are the most fortunate of their kind in this country's history.

Jobs for them are plentiful. Compared with earlier generations their working conditions will be good and their rates of pay high. Their noses will not be held to the grindstone by economic fear.

They won't, like so many of their parents and grandparents, be dogged by the thought: "If I don't work hard I don't eat."

Paradoxically, the very removal of that fear of hardship has made life more difficult for the modern youngster.

With economic discipline gone, the harder task of self-discipline is left to him. And that is where the older Australian comes in.

It is not enough to sit back and criticise—to condemn the young for lack of application or failure to do a good day's work for a good day's pay.

These 112,000 ex-children, about to begin the great adventure of going to work, will tend to take the same attitude to their new responsibilities as their older work-mates take.

Until last week schools and teachers did what they could to guide them in the right direction. Now it's up to the community at large.

It's a task everyone must share, because in these youngsters leaving school today lie the blood, bones, and sinews of the Australia of tomorrow.

BOOK NEWS

A SHORT, satirical book on Australians, both old and new, has been written by Czech migrant Josef Holman, and is wittily illustrated by another Czech whose name happens to be Kim Strcprskrzrk.

In "As I See Them" (The Aussies and the Naussies) Mr. Holman, not always with his tongue in cheek, speaks his mind on everything from love in Australia to commercial radio advertisements.

On the subject of modes for men, he lists his own countrymen's fancies for tight trousers, bow ties, suede shoes, and novel hair-styles before turning to summer fashions for Australian men.

"In summer," writes Mr. Holman, "you can wear a warm, fat-soiled hat, pullover, nice cowboy shirt, and then go somewhere for a 'steak and egg' (national meal) to a better-class restaurant. In

there, of course, you must leave the hat on your head, because there isn't anything to suspend it on, anyway, or any room for it, except the floor, but that is reserved for leftovers from the meals and various insects."

Under the satire, however, it is easy to see that Mr. Holman feels deeply, and often bitterly, over many problems. These include lack of opportunity to meet Australians

socially and the resulting loneliness.

To some Australians' Mr. Holman and men like him are "something different, unknown to them ... something they weren't used to and didn't trust."

In the last chapter he admits: "My life in Australia is a very lonely one. It's something like walking on a never-ending road. There is nothing around you, only blackness, but you can clearly see the grey road in front of you disappearing in the blackness for miles and miles."

For Australians of any feeling this is an interesting book to read. Though not brilliantly written, it contains truth as Mr. Holman and Mr. Strcprskrzrk see it. And the truth is not always amusing. It is sometimes unhappy.

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address.

Our cover:

● Posing the Sara Quads for our cover picture was no trouble to photographer Ron Berg because the children were so proud of their new fishing baskets and lines. Big brother Geoffrey was there to help as they paddled happily in the Bellinger River. Other Sara Quads pictures are on pages 16-17.

This week:

● Two short stories in this issue are written by Australians living in America. Phyl Garley, who is the author of "Make Mine a Kangaroo," is, like her heroine, sometimes homesick, so she is going to cure the malady by coming to Australia in the New Year with her husband and small daughter. She met him when he was in Australia as a serviceman during World War II.

Beth Dutton, who lives in New York, is the author of "A Son for Shirley," in which she describes the reaction of an American girl married to an Australian faced with a Christmas far from white.

● If you have friends keen on gardening, they will appreciate a gift which will help them with this fascinating hobby. Our gardening page gives some excellent suggestions.

Next week:

● Preparations for Christmas well in hand, and the holiday spirit bubbling nicely, you will have time to enjoy our big Christmas fiction number with six short stories and a long final instalment of our two-part serial, "Deadly Record."

All readers of detective fiction will welcome the Agatha Christie short story "Sanctuary," in which village detective Miss Marple again triumphs. Proceeds of the story have been earmarked by the author for the Westminster Abbey Appeal Fund.

● Dorothy Cottrell, whose novel "The Secret of the Purple Reefs" was published by us as a serial, and which turned out a best seller, contributes a long story, "Through the Invisible."

From Nigel Balchin's book of brilliant short stories, "Last Recollections of My Uncle Charles," we have selected one called "Mine Host" for this issue.

Faith Baldwin, so recently in Australia, is also on the list with "The Christmas Heart," a story which all mothers will understand.

● Mothers-to-be will be interested in our pattern page next week, as all the patterns are for maternity wear; cool, comfortable adaptations of current fashion trends.

By HELEN FRIZELL

Why Vitamin C is good for you

Vitamin C, found in fresh fruit and vegetables, is essential to the formation of strong bones and teeth in early life. Adults need it to build resistance to colds, flu, rheumatism and virus infections.

Tests overseas showed that children given a daily dose of 50 mgm. of Vitamin C were absent from school because of illness only half as often as children not receiving the Vitamin. This quantity is less than the Vitamin C content of one packet of Vit-o-Fruits.

For your children to receive this same quantity of Vitamin C from fruit and vegetables, it would be necessary for them to eat nearly 15 lb. of fresh peas, beans, potatoes or tomatoes daily—remember that Vitamin C is destroyed by cooking or storing.

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Billie was determined to get home "down-under" in time for Christmas . . . an amusing lighthearted story

BY PHYL GURLEY

Make mine a KANGAROO

I might have taken me quite some time to work out what the heck could be making my wife, Billie, act the way she'd been doing the past few weeks, if Joe Pearson, our next door neighbor on the right, hadn't helped me see the light that Sunday morning.

Joe's a nice guy and pretty smart. He writes for one of the newspapers down town and he's thought the world of Billie ever since she took over when his Mary Ann fell and busted her leg and left him with young Joe only a month old.

When I leaned on the California redwood fence I was building and asked Joe if he thought something was eating Billie, he fussed about lighting a cigarette before answering. "Yeah," he said finally. "Something is." He squinted his eyes at me and his voice took on a serious tone. "The kid's homesick. Sam. Terribly homesick."

"Billie? Homesick?" My jaw tried hard to connect up with my Adam's apple. Why, Billie was just about as far away from her home as it was possible for her to get. I'd been in Australia during the war and she was the souvenir I'd brought back. I swallowed painfully.

"But there isn't a doggone chance of her getting home in the next twenty years," I blurted out.

Joe shook his head at me. "You'd better think up something, then," he said.

"Think up something? Look, pal, I just sell automatic appliances for Blickenburger's. I don't own the joint. And though old Pushbutton Blickenburger may take plenty of time off himself to go huntin' and fishin', he sure likes his staff to keep right on the job."

"Yeah," agreed Joe. "It's tough, all right. But . . ." he looked off into space . . . "you ever been homesick?"

I nodded my head. Sure I'd been homesick. So many times I'd hate to count them. And the silliest things would start it off, like seeing one of those big colored advertisements for fried chicken, or getting a letter from Mum telling me all the goings-on in our neighborhood.

All of a sudden it hit me that I knew what had caused Billie's attack of homesickness. It was that letter from her Mum telling her about her kid sister, Marcy, getting married to some guy from Singapore at Christmas time. And about her brother, Doug, joining the Air Force.

I guess Billie had got to thinking that if she didn't get back for a visit soon it would be a long time before she'd get the chance to see her family all together again. Why, the poor kid! I turned and bolted back to the house leaving Joe standing there.

When I got into the kitchen Billie was making what she calls morning tea. I noticed uneasily that she wasn't using tea-bags like she'd come around to doing, but she was spooning the loose stuff into a warmed pot and fussing about getting the water just as it reached the boil, like she used to do back home.

She looked so cute with her short, fair hair all mussed up and a smudge on her turned-up nose that I rushed over and took her in my arms.

"Honey, why didn't you tell me what was eating you? I had to go get it from Joe."

Her big eyes widened indignantly as she looked up at me. "He shouldn't have told you. I didn't want you worried. That Joe. I just had to let off steam to someone and Mary Ann was . . . He shouldn't have told you."

I gave her a gentle shake. "No, you should have." She looked up at me with that appeal-

ing smile of hers. Heck, it's not exactly a smile, more a brightening of her face and an expression in her eyes that says she's sure you're going to help her.

"We'll have to do something," was my immediate response. Then I stopped, because it was impossible for us to do anything about a trip to Australia. That cost dough.

But Billie was nodding her head eagerly. "We are going to do something," she stated. "That's why Mr. Blickenburger is coming to dinner tonight."

I'd forgotten about that little treat. Suddenly my stomach did a quick drop job, I'd back Billie against most people, but not against old Blickenburger. He had a heart that could be moved only by the sight of a customer signing a contract-to-buy form, or by the sound of some animal in the undergrowth when he was out after it with a gun.

I looked down at my pint-sized package of imported dynamite. "You wouldn't really be figuring on trying to put something over on Mr. Blickenburger, would you?" I groaned.

Would she? Why did I bother to ask? She had it all planned. First she got the old boy primed up with a special dinner; served that popular Australian dish, steak and eggs; big, juicy t-bones, topped with a couple of tender-fried eggs, and flanked on one side by fried potatoes and on the other by a crisp lettuce and tomato salad.

She's a smart cookie, because she had the sense to follow it with a real American dessert, vanilla ice-cream with a hot fudge sauce and big slices of angel-food cake. Boy, was that a meal. It went over big with Mr. Blickenburger, who's a widower and sure goes for home cooking.

And the way Billie treated him after dinner went over big, too. She fussed over him and egged him on to tell us all those boring hunting and fishing yarns we'd heard twenty times before.

It was mighty dull stuff, but Billie's expression of eager interest never changed. My gosh, I thought, don't you realise what you're up against, girl? You'll never put anything over on this guy.

I squirmed around in my chair wondering how Billie was going to get back control of the conversation when the paper suddenly caught Mr. Blickenburger's eye. He had to take a look at it to see if Blickenburger's advertisement was in as scheduled.

It seemed he'd had trouble once with an advertising manager who had pocketed the dough instead of spending it on advertisements, so Mr. Blickenburger checked on them all himself now.

As he sat there gazing admiringly at a sketch of a Blickenburger dishwasher, guaranteed to bring harmony into any home, Billie took over. Breathlessly she told him all about my dynamic personality. She built up my amazing sales ability; informed him I had that quality of leadership that so many men lack.

Then she suggested I'd be just the man to send out to develop an untouched area she knew about where thousands of women still

You would never have thought by looking at my wife that she was figuring on putting something over Mr. Blickenburger.

washed dishes by hand, ironed by hand, and actually pegged their clothes on the line to dry.

I got it then. Mr. Blickenburger was to have the pleasure of paying our way to this untouched area, which was, no less, that big continent in the Southern Hemisphere where Christmas come in the summer.

Honest, sometimes I think Billie is worse than Joe, the things she thinks up. The only thing is Joe gets his thoughts put in print and gets paid for it. Billie doesn't.

I watched Mr. Blickenburger intently. He stroked his chin backwards and forwards like he was estimating the bristles to the inch, then he barked questions at Billie for a couple of minutes. Finally he shook his head.

"Guess we'd be up against a dollar shortage over there," he announced. "Yeah. And import regulations. And licences." He shook his head again. "No, wouldn't work out."

"But couldn't you even send Sam over to . . . to sort of look into things for you?" appealed Billie.

Mr. Blickenburger continued his head-shaking routine. Billie tried every argument she could think of, but she didn't get anywhere. Old Blickenburger wasn't given the name of Pushbutton for nothing.

If he's going to fall for anything, he falls for it, click, just like he'd push the switch on one of his vacuum cleaners. If he thinks it over he just flies the idea away and it almost takes a bomb under him to get him to work on it again.

As we got to bed that night I could see Billie was very miserable, though she didn't complain. I felt like doing a remodelling job on Mr. Blickenburger. He could have sent us on six trips to Australia and never missed a cent of the dough.

I lay in bed and tried to figure out some sensible way of getting the money, like mortgaging the house, but, when I figured it out, we only owned about a third of the garage and who'd be interested in that?

I couldn't blame Billie for wanting to take a trip back home. We saw my folks every few weeks, but Billie hadn't seen hers for going on eight years now. And she'd been mighty close to her Mum and Dad and the kids, Marcy and Doug. Mighty close.

I was dropping off, without having got anywhere, when I heard a sudden gulp from Billie. She buried her head quickly in the pillow as if to keep from making a noise. I reached over and drew her into my arms.

"Honey," I whispered, holding her tight. "Honey, don't take on so. Does getting back for Marcy's wedding mean so much to you?"

"There's more to it than that, Sam," she murmured, her voice thick and choky. "I've got homesickness like other people have hay fever. It's there all the time, but mostly it's under control. Then, all of a sudden, something happens, and I'm in the middle of an attack that's worse than the last. I suppose with Marcy getting married this Christmas and Doug joining the Air Force I've got

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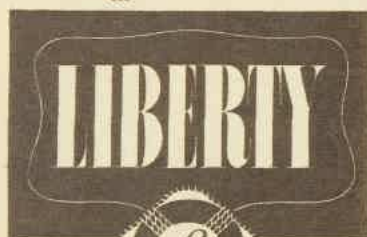




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There was only one gift she longed for this year, and all
that stood in her way was a lonely, unhappy little boy.

A SON FOR SHIRLEY

A tender Christmas story by **BETH DUTTON**

SHIRLEY sat at the breakfast table, facing her husband. Outside, the Australian bush stretched into the distance under a steady glare of sunshine.
"Looks as if your first Christmas here is going to be a scorcher," Colin remarked.

"Wh-r-r-r-p!" went his five-year-old son.
Shirley turned to find he had made a hurdle on the tablecloth with a strip of toast and was jumping his pony over it, his pony being a very buttery finger.

"Oh, Peer, your manners! Whatever am I going to do about them?" She put the toast back on his plate. "Now eat it up, Peer! Eat it up!"

Her voice had that fault-finding tone she tried to be so careful never to use to her small stepson.

She caught Colin's eye and smiled apologetically.
"It's the temperature," she excused herself. "And me used to snow on Christmas Eve!"

A cloud of crumbs emerged as Peer asked what snow was.
"Not with your mouth full, Peer!" Shirley protested. "And don't, please, put any more toast in till you swallow that."

She looked at him ruefully. She seemed to be as inadequate in coping with his table manners as she was in handling him generally.

She glanced at Colin. He apparently didn't notice she was doing anything wrong.

"Another cup, darling?" she said, her hand going eagerly to the teapot beside her.

He shook his head. "No, thanks," starting to fold his napkin, he went on. "I have to move some sheep up near Boolawa today and I've let Rusty go off on a Christmas spree, so I may not get home early. But I'll try. After all," he smiled, "this is Christmas Eve."

Pushing his chair back, he stood up. He wore no coat, just a cotton shirt with the sleeves rolled up for coolness. It made him seem extra tall as he came around the table and put his hand gently at the back of Shirley's neck and ruffled her short hair.

"And the kid's first real Christmas," he said, as he bent to kiss her.

Shirley knew he was thinking of those two bleak ones after Marion's death and she resolved to do her best to make this Christmas exciting and different. Then she looked at that aloof child across the table and couldn't help wondering how she was going to do it.

Colin went out and Peer scrambled down from his chair and ran after him. It always happened, and Shirley didn't blame him. But each time she wished he wouldn't leave her with quite so much enthusiasm.

She went to the kitchen to get Colin's lunch and when she came back to the hall he was talking to Peer, telling him how fine Christmas was going to be now that Mummie was here.

He was quite worked up about it in his calm way. In fact, big and lanky though he was, he looked more like a little boy than his son did as a beam spread over his face.

When he raised his eyes and saw Shirley he smiled and she thought how awful it would be to fall short of his high hopes of her.

She gave him the packet of sandwiches and the thermos of tea to go in his saddlebags.

"Got your pipe, darling? And your tobacco?"

He patted his pockets. "Yes, thanks."

He stooped to give her a goodbye kiss, and Peer ran out to where the mare was tethered in the slight shade of a giant gumtree. The sheepdog stood nearby, alert and ready.

Shirley watched Colin stride across what would be a lawn if the grass would only grow properly, watched him lift Peer into the saddle. The little boy hung on while his father took the reins and walked ahead of Noonday, with the kelpie barking happily beside him. Peer's short ride to the gate was a daily ritual.

Today, though, Shirley had a quick, frightened feeling of not belonging in the picture. That tall man leading the horse with the intent child up there in the saddle were at one with each other as they were with the brown country that lay sundrenched beneath the high blue sky. They were complete without her.

Colin turned and waved, but Peer didn't even glance back. She wished he had waved, too.

Suddenly she could visualise him again, that day she arrived, with his clear blue eyes and the same tawny hair as Colin's, standing beside Rusty under the corrugated iron roof of the shed that passed for a railway station.

Perfectly still he had waited while Colin and she stepped off the train. Very straight, very small and solemn against that background of vast lonely bush which lay beyond the one street of the shabby little township of Boolawa.

With a quick surge of aching to make up to him for what he had lost, she had run forward with outstretched arms.

It had been a mistake. It was for his father he had been waiting, and he managed to slide away from Shirley and take sanctuary with him.

Since then, doubly conscious of her inexperience with children, she hadn't dared to make any sudden advances. But she had hoped all the time that Peer would gradually settle down to her.

Five months, she thought, as she went indoors to clear the breakfast table, and they were still as much strangers to each other as they had been at that first moment.

She piled the dishes in the kitchen sink, and, taking the kettle from the stove, poured water over them, with extra thoroughness. At least she was a good housekeeper. Her mother had taught her that.

After a little while, she realised she hadn't heard a sound from Peer. Going quickly to the screen door that opened on to the yard, she called him.

"Peer!" That cute name he had given himself when he was too little to say Peter.

There was no answer and she put the dish towel down and went out on the back verandah. "Peer!"

Still no answer. She hurried around to the front of the house.

He was sitting on the low step. Just sitting.

She was always coming up against these detachments of his, but, after Colin's glowing picture of Christmas, she felt she must try for a touch of festiveness.

"Are you going to help Mummie stuff the chicken?" She tried to make it sound inviting.

He shook his head.

"The chicken's for Christmas dinner," she coaxed.

He looked mildly interested. "Is it dead?"

"Well, naturally. Come round to the kitchen. As soon as I've finished the dishes we'll start the stuffing. We want everything for tomorrow all ready by the time Daddy comes home."

Peer trailed after her. But, in the kitchen, he went straight to the screen door and stood there staring out.

He was used to having Rusty about, Shirley thought. Somehow she must entertain him or he would go out and start racing around too hard in the sun.

"Not long now till Santa Claus comes," she said brightly. "We must find a big long stocking for you to hang up, mustn't we?"

Peer didn't answer. He gave a few desultory kicks at the base of the screen door, then he opened it a little. It squeaked. That was interesting, and back and forth he pushed it.

"If we lived in New York," Shirley made another try, "we'd be going out this morning to buy a Christmas tree."

Peer stopped in the middle of a squeak. "What's a Christmas tree?"

Shirley looked at him in surprise. "Why, Peer! Have you forgotten? You know what a Christmas tree is, dear. I showed you pictures of some on those cards from home."

"Those weren't trees. They had lights on them." Peer's eyes went out over the paddocks. Obviously trees didn't have lights on them.

He went back to his interrupted squeak, and then started on a new series. Squ-eak, squ-eak.

Shirley cast around for another topic to divert him. They could have talked about his playmates, only he didn't have any, with the nearest neighbor living fifteen miles off. And that family had no children anyway.

"Did you have a nice ride on Noonday?" she said, trying not to hear how formal she sounded.

"No."

"Oh, Peer!" He was just being perverse. Next to his own



Peer looked on silently while Shirley, although determined to be ruthless, dropped the axe, and the chicken flew off, squawking.

cherished pony, Noonday was his idol. "You always have a nice ride on Noonday."

"No, I don't."

Shirley dried a cup and put it away on its hook. She glanced at the child. He looked well enough.

She ran over in her mind the food he was getting. She had very carefully gone into all that sort of thing with her mother after Colin wrote and asked her to come out to Australia and marry him. Her mother wasn't very scientific about diets and things, though.

"Just give him plenty of milk and vegetables," she'd said, "but it's mostly love the little fellow'll need after two years with no woman in the house."

Certainly Peer looked a lot huskier since she came, and Colin had filled out as much as that lean kind ever does. But something was missing. Maybe Peer wasn't getting quite enough vitamins, or surely he would be happier.

He had abandoned the screen door and in his uncom-

municative way started on a project with the stepladder-stool. Certainly when she was a little girl, playing beside her mother in the kitchen, the jack-in-the-box quality of the steps which appeared when the seat was lifted would have been something to chatter and laugh about. But Peer repeated the operation several times solemnly and without comment.

With everything dried and put away, she quickly hung up the dish towel and went to get the chicken from the kerosene refrigerator. Rusty always put the chickens there when he had plucked and dressed them.

But it wasn't there.

"Peer!" she exclaimed. "Rusty went without killing the chicken."

The child brightened. "Are you going to kill the chook, Mummie? Can I watch you kill it dead?"

She supposed she would have to kill the wretched thing. Then she pictured herself chopping off its head and knew she couldn't possibly. Colin would have to do it when he came home.

But, with Rusty gone, he would have to do the milking. And he was counting on a gay Christmas Eve.

No.

She would kill the chicken. Somehow she would do it. She couldn't go on forever being squeamish now she lived in the bush. Marion, the child's own mother, must surely have killed many chickens.

Peer seemed to feel life had looked up.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he went full blast. "When are you going to kill it?"

"Oh, be quiet, Peer!" Shirley could suddenly see her mother on Christmas Eve lovingly choosing the very biggest turkey in Angelo's Market. There was something different about Angelo's turkeys. They were dead in such a nice way. It never occurred to you they had ever been alive.

Last year, Mother and Dad and she had peeled the chestnuts for the dressing. She could see the three of them sitting

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"Glory Box" girls



and newly-wed wives ...



mothers with food-conscious families



and young-in-heart grandmothers



even bachelor girls ...



and bachelors gay ...

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the first man to fall
in love with his nurse...

IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME

By Harriet Shiek

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM

THERE had been other good-byes in his life, but none like this. No, none quite like this. Despite the people sitting on the wide, pleasant porch of the Servicemen's Hospital and going in and out of the door, Tom had the feeling he and Sue were standing there alone. But, alone or not, what was there to say to Sue with Elsa waiting in the car for him?

"Well, nurse..." he said, trying to keep it light.

"Well, soldier..." Her small, starchy shoulders were held proud and straight. Under the immaculate white cap, her fair hair stirred gently as an ocean breeze touched it.

"Oh," she added, "I keep forgetting. You're a civilian now."

Slowly, she walked to the railing and sat down on it. He followed her—a tall young man with black hair and troubled blue eyes.

What could he say in this last moment?

What he finally said was: "You're getting your nice white uniform dusty on that railing."

The foolish remark brought back memories—Sue in a skirt and shirt splashed with Korean mud; Sue in blue jeans streaked with soldiers' blood, including his own. Sweaty and soiled those clothes had been, but she'd looked beautiful in them.

"Dusty?" She smiled a little. "Nice clean California dust. I'll miss it."

He would, too. They both liked southern California; yet he was heading for Oregon and marriage to Elsa, while Sue was going to re-quest overseas duty again.

"You're really going back?" he said.

"Yes, Tom."

"But you've done your share!" He knew at once he had no right to be angry. "Sorry. You know what you want to do, of course."

"Yes, of course." She turned away and looked at the far hills.

How often had she turned away from him in the past days, trying to hide the thing that was in her deep brown eyes? Even Elsa had noticed it...

A few minutes ago Elsa had been sitting in his room, watching him pack. She'd been very quiet since coming over from the hotel, where

she and her sister, May, had been staying since they arrived from Oregon two days ago.

When he finished packing, his leg ached a bit, and he'd massaged his knee as he leaned against the bed. The doctors had said he was lucky. The leg would tire easily, that's all.

Looking at Elsa, he'd tried to feel glad about it all. This is Elsa, he reminded himself. She was a tall girl—not beautiful, but there were so many things about her he liked. Her frank way of speaking. Her intelligence. Most of all, her good sportsmanship.

He thought, "If I told her I've fallen in love with Sue, she'd be a good sport about it, like she is about everything. She'd set me free."

But then he became aware of Elsa's steady gaze and knew he couldn't do it. Hurt her like that? Hurt her folks? They'd done so much for him.

He had no family of his own, and when Mr. Barham gave him a job, fresh out of engineering school two years ago, it wasn't long before he was one of the family, with Mr. Barham calling him "son."

He couldn't remember exactly when he and Elsa became engaged. It had just happened. And he'd been happy about it, hadn't he? Happy and proud.

Elsa broke the silence. "Tom," she said, "that nurse—the one you call Sue... she's the one who gave her blood for your transfusion when they ran out of your type over there in the hospital in Japan, isn't she?"

So Elsa knew his thoughts were on Sue.

"Yes, Elsa, she was the one," Sue's blood would flow through his veins all the rest of his life.

"And she came back to the States on the same plane with you?"

"Yes." From the beginning they'd kept their friendship light and

casual. He hadn't even suspected how Sue felt about him until the day he told her excitedly that Elsa was coming to get him.

For one stricken second Sue's eyes had looked into his; then she'd said, too gaily, "Well, that's wonderful, soldier!"

He'd been pretty stupid about the whole thing, apparently. And it wasn't until lately that some unexplainable thing had crept up on him and made him afraid to be near Sue, for when he was near her he wanted to clasp her hand and draw her closer.

Abruptly, Elsa had risen from the chair and picked up her purse from the bedside table.

"I'll go on down to the car, Tom, and wait while you say good-bye to your... friend. And"—she met his eyes gravely—"let's leave it this way, Tom. If you don't come down in fifteen or twenty minutes, I'll know you're not coming, and May and I will go on back home... without you."

He stared at her, not understanding. By the time he did understand, she was gone. She hadn't needed a blueprint to see what the situation was. And in her simple, direct way she was releasing him—if he wanted to be released.

Somehow, in that moment, he had never admired her more. And instead of feeling free, he felt more under obligation to her than ever.

Grabbing his suitcase off the bed, he'd gone out to the hall, where some of the other men were waiting to see him off. There were promises to write, a lot of kidding, and those good-byes were over.

And now, one more good-bye...

He looked at Sue sitting on the porch railing, and all at once everything in him rebelled. Say good-bye to her?

She must have sensed his thoughts, for she said, "Tom, you're... you're wondering if you can be in

love with me, aren't you? Don't let gratitude blind you, Tom. Gratitude isn't love. Remember, whatever I did for you was part of my job. You owe me nothing."

When he didn't answer, she said quietly, "You're not the first man who thought he was in love with his nurse, Tom. It happens all the time."

So that explained it. He was just another man who had developed a yen for his nurse.

He took a long breath and let it out slowly. "Well," he said, trying to laugh at himself, "I suppose it does happen all the time, doesn't it? Well... good-bye, Sue."

But he couldn't trust himself to touch her hand, so he gave her a little salute with two fingers before picking up his bag. Then he was walking away, going down the steps and along the palm-lined path.

Up ahead, at the end of the parking lot, he saw Elsa and May sitting in a brand-new yellow-and-chrome convertible. They couldn't see him, for the car was half-facing the Boulevard.

He could see they weren't talking. Elsa was sitting at the wheel staring steadily ahead. He could imagine her hands folded in her lap, a favorite attitude of hers.

Suddenly, the reflection of the sun on the glittering car glared in his face and blinded him. There was a bench at the edge of the path, between some bushes, and he sat down, momentarily too dizzy to stand as Sue's words came back to him.

"Don't let gratitude blind you, Tom!"

He felt his heart begin to race. Gratitude? Maybe it had blinded him. But maybe it was gratitude to Elsa and her folks, not to Sue.

What else had Sue said? "Gratitude isn't love." Why, no. He would always feel grateful to the Barham family, but...

He could barely see the yellow

Sue looked up at him and smiled while he searched for the words to say good-bye.

car from here. When he saw Elsa turn her head, her gaze sweeping the path, he started to get up, wanting to tell her how it was. But he had the feeling she already knew how it was.

While he hesitated, the car backed up and shot out of the lot. He watched until it became lost in the Boulevard traffic. Then, forgetting his suitcase, forgetting his bad leg, he ran back to the building.

Sue was still sitting on the porch railing. He bounded up the steps and stopped in front of her, breathing hard and smiling a shaky smile. "So," he chided her gently, "it happens all the time, does it?" Disregarding everyone around them, he drew her into his arms.

And if people thought he was kissing his nurse, they were wrong. This wasn't his nurse. This was the girl he loved.

(Copyright)

DEADLY RECORD

By NINA WARNER HOOKE

THE Stratocruiser, on its night flight from New York to London, droned along on a steady, contented note. Like a huge homing bee, Trevor Hamilton reflected with the writer's inveterate groping for a simile.

At twenty-six thousand feet the sky was clear, spattered with stars like flung sequins. The clouds below were a moon-silvered carpet with occasional black rents through which, had it been daylight, the Atlantic would have showed, grey as pewter. It was eerily beautiful, but it did not compel his admiration. This limbo of sky and sea was still his enemy. He hated and feared it.

During the war years his time had largely been spent flying over this same watery waste, this cold, impersonal graveyard of a host of ships, in Sunderlands and Catalinas. It had given him one of the worst experiences of his life, that time when his plane had been hit by a long-range Focke-Wulf off the Irish coast and he had been forced to ditch.

Warm and snug now in his seat over the port wing he shuddered anew at the memory of those 12 hours in a rubber dinghy, tossed in freezing, mountainous seas.

He glanced around at the sprawled, sleeping passengers under the dimmed lights. Across the aisle was an American film star, the only one who, doubtless from long and rigorous training, had not slipped into an ungraceful attitude and whose face looked strangely unrelaxed under its mask of make-up—as though she were conscious, even in sleep, of the eyes of her myriad fans fixed on her.

He should have been asleep himself. Only a few hours ago he too had been in Hollywood putting the finishing touches to the film version of his latest book. Based on his own record as a pilot in Coastal Command, the book had not been a big seller and he had been as much surprised as delighted when an offer had come from an American company for the film rights.

It was not sensational as such offers go, but it carried with it the invitation to go to Hollywood to collaborate as technical adviser on the scenario. Once there he had been found to have a flair for realistic dialogue and had been allowed to do more work on the script than his contract called for. He had worked well and quickly, untempted by the glamor of social life in the film colony, saving his money, conscientiously giving his time to his producer and director. The sober, industrious type, he wryly described himself.

Under these circumstances the job had been completed in record time and he was able to book a passage home a fortnight earlier than the pre-arranged date.

It was not until he had actually boarded the plane, after cabling his wife to expect him home for breakfast next day, that he stopped to ask himself what on earth he was hurrying back for. His was not the kind of home in which the news of his return a fortnight earlier than expected would cause joy and excitement and a flurry of preparations. Nor would there be a wife waiting eagerly to greet him at the airport. Jenny was not that kind of wife.

He could visualise, as clearly as though she sat beside him, the expression her face must have worn as she opened and read his cable. Her ruffled, sulky look. He could hear, as plainly as though he stood at her elbow, her dismayed announcement to one of her telephone cronies.

"Isn't it a bore? He's coming home tomorrow!" He did not delude himself. One did not have many illusions left after eight years of a marriage that had been a failure from the start. Why then

was he hurrying back to her? Why not have stayed in Hollywood or New York and enjoyed a respite from the pretty, bored face, the endless bickering that so often flared into serious quarrel?

In the somnolent quiet of the airliner as it purred through the night he set himself to think it out. He wondered how much was his own fault—whether he had made a mistake in forcing her to give up her dancing and settle down to a humdrum domestic routine for which she was totally unfitted.

Of course, if she had been in the top flight—but she wasn't. Never had been. Even she must have known that. Judge by results. What sort of a life was it, anyway, working the nightclubs and cabarets, touring revues and leg-shows in dubious variety halls?

Whatever it was, she loved it—found in it some sort of artistic fulfilment and, having agreed to give it up, hankered and grieved for it. If she had had a child, it would have compensated. He was sure of that. Perhaps their tragedy was that she had not been able to have one. Yet had he, in spite of this, been wrong? He did not, could not, think so.

Hamilton was a Scot, with all the Scot's deep-seated respect for the sanctity of married life. He had wanted a wife who would make a home for him and keep it as it should be kept. He had had much to offer, or so he thought. A house of his own, which had been left to him by his father, together with a small income sufficient for its upkeep, and his native talent and industry which had already set him on the way to a successful career as an author. The trouble was that he had offered them to the wrong woman.

So much was clear now—but it is easy to be wise after the event. He had met her at a celebration party after his demobilisation from the Royal Air Force. She was very young and small, with the slanting eyes and supple grace of a Dresden figurine. From the moment she entered the room he looked at no one else. She sat with him in a corner and told him how different he was from other men she knew. In the light of what he subsequently learnt about her background, it was probable that she meant it.

For the first time in his life he fell in love, deeply, intemperately, and with a total disregard for the dictates of common sense. Within a fortnight he had proposed to her and she had accepted him. With scrupulous honesty he made it a condition of his proposal that she must give up her profession, and she accepted that, too.

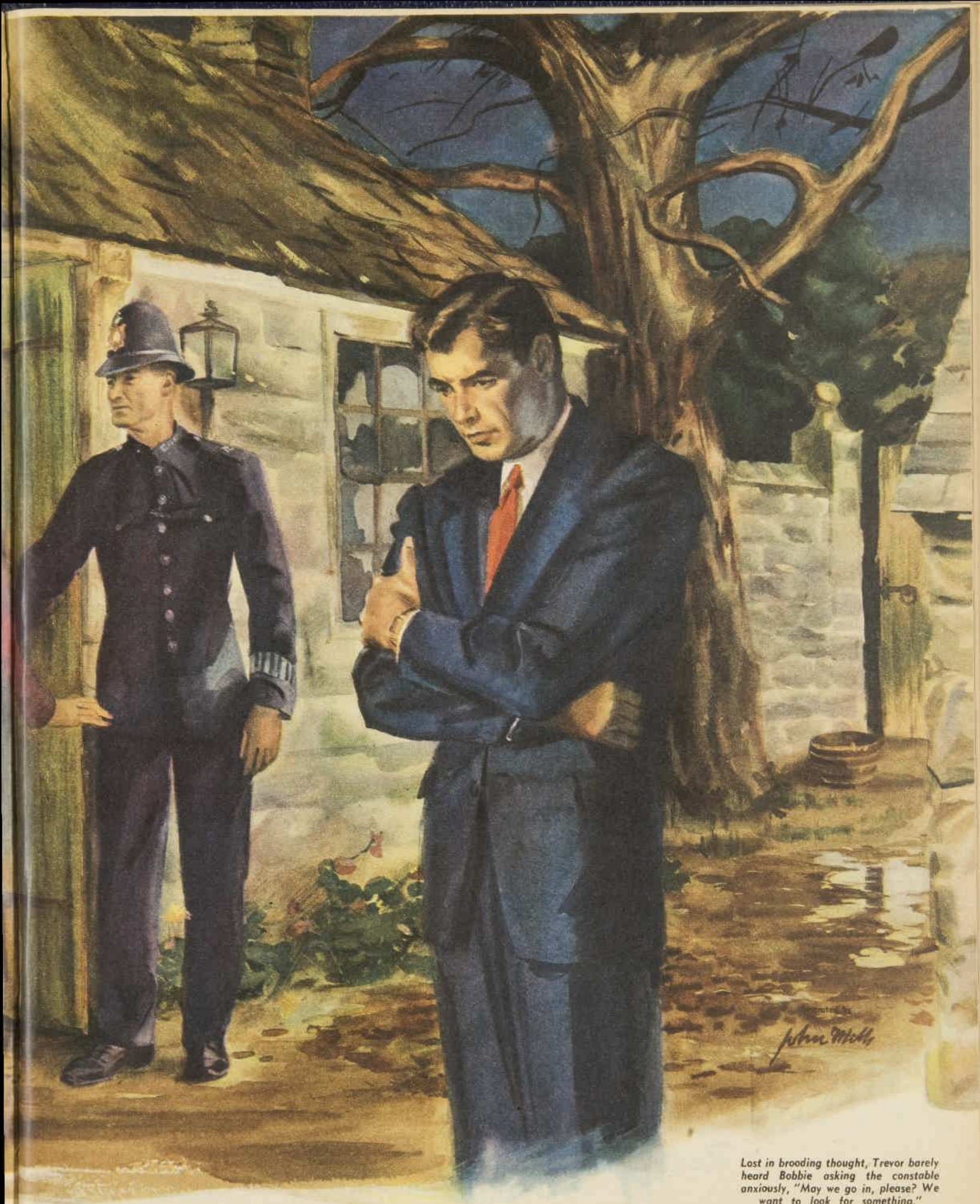
He realised now that their meeting must have occurred at a time when engagements were hard to come by, and perhaps for the moment she must have been tempted by the prospect of security and relief from the hazards of her way of life. She had seemed to be quite alone in the world, having run away from puritanical parents—now dead—when she was 15 and paid for her own training as a dancer by working as a waitress in an all-night cafe.

He had taken her, with a keen sense of pride and expectation, to the pleasant house in St. John's Wood with its Regency portico and tall, graceful windows, and had had it redecorated to her own taste.

But no sooner was the work finished than she lost interest in it. He had wanted to shower gifts on her, to make up for all the comforts she had never known. But the only thing she had ever asked him for was a studio. If he would not let

To page 32





Lost in brooding thought, Trevor barely heard Bobbie asking the constable anxiously, "May we go in, please? We want to look for something."

Fresh as the fragrance of a
garden in Summer

Give three flowers this Christmas

Every woman will love to receive a gift of
Three Flowers. Superlatively formulated, gaily fragrant,
attractively packaged, Three Flowers is a gift of
discrimination for both giver and receiver.



three flowers FACE POWDER

The smooth flattery of this exquisite, fine-textured powder lasts for hours... it ends re-powdering worries... brings new poise and charm. Seven fashion-perfect shades. **3/9**

three flowers TALCUM POWDER

As gentle as a caress—leaves the skin feeling smooth and fresh, looking lovely, touched with the bewitching Three Flowers fragrance. Gaily packaged in a bright generous-size container. **2/9**



three flowers PERFUME

A gay, light-hearted perfume... with an intriguing, irresistible fragrance you'll love. In handy handbag size. **3/6**



three flowers BRILLIANTINE

A fine quality Brilliantine to keep hair lustrous and more manageable. Either solid in attractive jar or liquid in smart bottle. **3/6**



Companions in Glamour:

Rouge, 4/6; Foundation Cream, tubes, 2/6—jars, 4/6; Cleansing Cream, tubes, 2/6; Face Powder Refills, 2/6.

three flowers beauty aids

CREATIONS OF **Richard Hudnut**
NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

TF35, 143

Letters from our Readers

This week's best letter

WHY do mothers treat their small children in such a harsh and thoughtless manner when out walking or shopping? It is a rare sight to see a mother accommodate her step to their tiny strides. A child is kept on the run, dragged by the arm to keep up, and when exhausted and crying in protest is slapped and pulled along again on the verge of collapse. I wonder how many mothers would like to be kept on the run behind a moving car for a few hours. I think they may then be a little more thoughtful for a helpless little child.

£1/1/- to "Child Lover" (name supplied), Brighton, Vic.

WOULD it be possible for the sisters, nurses, and nursing aides to wear a button stating their name and professional standing? Recently in hospital for a serious operation, I would have liked to address by name those who were so kind to me. I think it would give most patients more confidence and a feeling that they knew the staff personally.

10/6 to "J.S.C.D." (name supplied), Leongatha, Vic.

WHY does nearly everybody either pity or laugh at women with large families? I have five children, and I often hear remarks such as, "Poor Mrs. so and so, how on earth does she manage?" My mother started her married life as a farmer's wife in undeveloped country and reared 13 children without any help. One woman said it was disgusting to have 13 children. If some of these women had more children, they wouldn't have so much time to gossip about those who do.

10/6 to (Mrs.) B. F. Eglinton, Hynam, S.A.

WHY is it that women who dress so nicely at 25 or 35 seem to lose their dress sense when they reach the age of about 45? They either start dressing in clothes that would be suitable for teenagers or they let themselves go and wear dull, shapeless clothes that add an extra ten years to their age.

10/6 to E.H. (name supplied), Parkes, N.S.W.

WE moderns have become resigned to the rendering of many small ditties of varying degrees of absurdity as a medium of advertising, but surely it has gone too far when an old and cherished melody like "Auld Lang Syne" is committed to this purpose. The public should be protected from the desecration of such dear familiar melodies.

10/6 to (Mrs.) C. L. Woodward, Gordon, N.S.W.

IT may be coincidence, but I find that of seven daily serials that are broadcast over a very popular Victorian broadcasting station five have their respective heroes and heroines suffering from temporary mental illness.

10/6 to "Ding-bats" (name supplied), King Island, Tas.

Divorce publicity

I DISAGREE with Mrs. A. Colette (The Australian Women's Weekly, 8/12/54), who says the causes of divorce should not be published. I think they should. The guilty parties commit a sin against God, and the only punishment they get is the knowledge that everyone knows. People who steal money and goods are sentenced to gaol, why not those who steal a husband or wife?

10/6 to "Unfair Laws" (name supplied), Cockburn, S.A.

I THINK Mrs. Colette is wrong. Publicity may act as a deterrent. It is not the crime, but being found out that matters most to some people. I object most of all to the name of the guilty woman being suppressed, as it sometimes is, while the innocent wife and children's names are besmirched.

10/6 to (Mrs.) Agnes E. Brown, Albion, Qld.

£1/1/- is paid for
the best letter of the
week as well as 10/6
for every letter published
on this page.

WHEN two people marry, Mrs. Colette, it is "for better or for worse." If adultery or otherwise is the cause of divorce, why should the guilty one go free of publicity and the innocent one suffer? The newspapers do their best for both parties.

10/6 to (Mrs.) T. Brannan, Katoomba, N.S.W.

Henricks hair-do

I FEEL duty bound, on behalf of the sensible women of Australia, to pass some comment on a letter from M. Watts (The Australian Women's Weekly, 17/11/54), in which she asks why women don't protest against the Henricks hair-style published in your newspaper. Surely the simplest means of protest is by not adopting it? We are not forced by law to follow any fashion produced by so-called designers. I think the designers must go home at night and laugh heartily to themselves at some of their foolish concoctions, knowing full well that some women will wear them.

10/6 to C. Brooks, Hamilton, N.S.W.

NO one has to follow freak fashions unless she wants to, M. Watts. Most women only wear a hair-style if it suits them, and the great majority of Australian women dress their hair sensibly and still attractively.

10/6 to "Femina," Tamworth, N.S.W.

THE letter from M. Watts stunned me. Just because some male designs a particular hair-style, it doesn't mean it has to be slavishly copied by all. If Muriel Watts wants a feminine hair-style, she can quite easily have one—she can let her hair grow and be feminine.

10/6 to (Mrs.) S. Gaides, Nyahwest, Vic.

Family Affairs

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week in future we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

MUCH has been written and many questions asked about whose responsibility it should be to decide which comics are suitable reading for children.

I think the main decision lies with the child's parents, but a little careful vetting of their choice soon puts children on the right track.

I have three children—a girl of 12, a boy, nine, and a boy who is six. All of them read comics, but the right ones for their age.

My daughter has developed an exchange system with her school-mates. She is the organiser, and maintains a strict supervision over everything. Anything doubtful is quickly rejected.

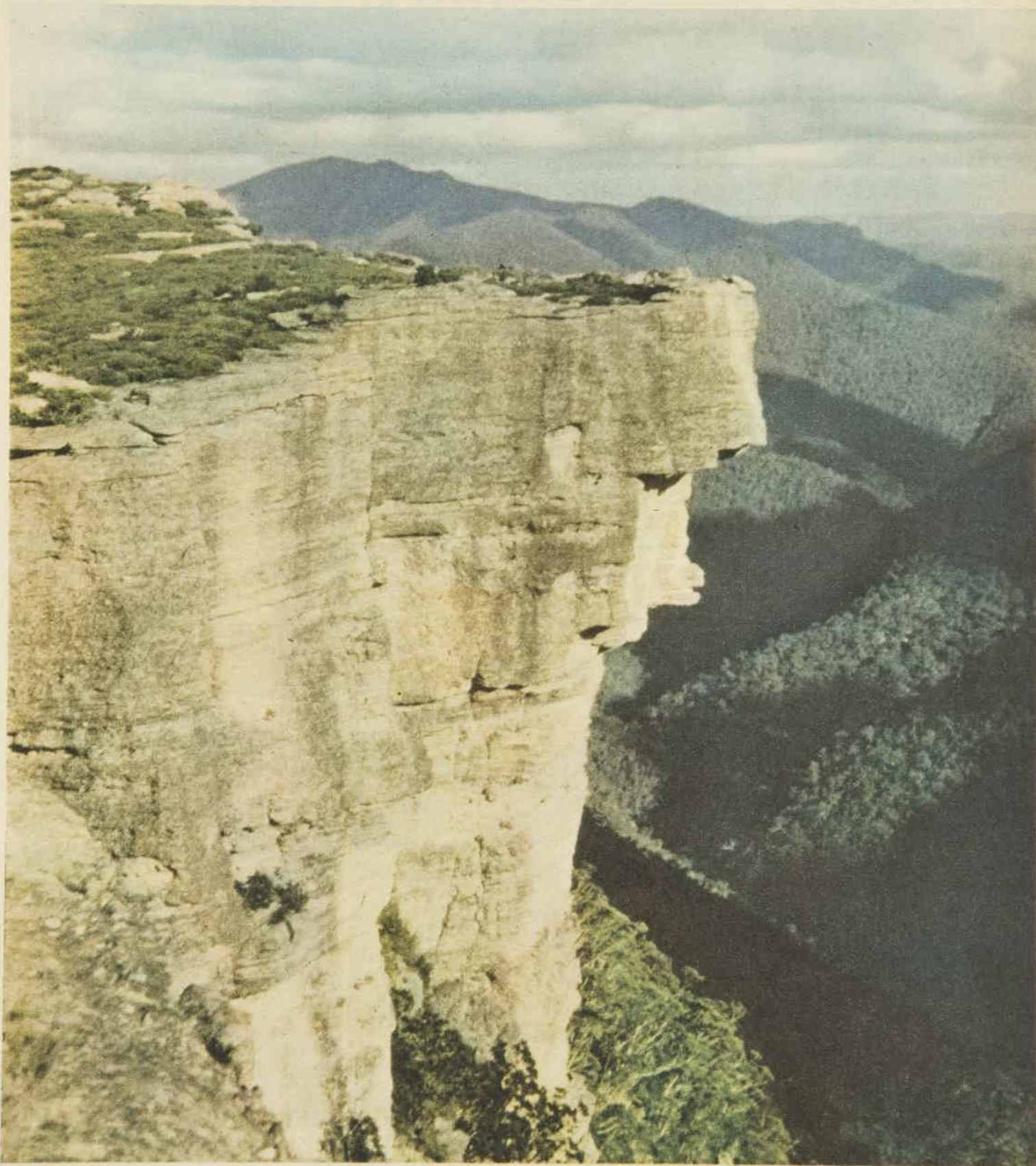
This happy state of affairs came about through judicious selection on my part in the early stages of the "swap" organisation. One batch she received was a nauseating heap of horror and sex rubbish that quickly found its rightful place under the copper, despite her pleas that they belonged to so-and-so.

My attitude brought results, and now nothing but clean, wholesome magazines are allowed to pass through her hands.

£1/1/- to (Mrs.) M. E. Moss, Ashgrove, Qld.



PICTURE PARADE



Beautiful Australia:

● Miss Noeline Garrett, of Sutherland, N.S.W., took this breathtaking picture of Kanangra Walls, N.S.W. Accessible by road, the Walls are one of the beauty spots of the Blue Mountains, and are approximately 20 miles from the famous Jenolan Caves. The area is popular among bush walkers as there are delightful camping sites beneath the Walls.

They won their pets by writing letters



"PAL" is the name eight-year-old Robert Tapscott, of Yagoona, chose for his black-and-white fox terrier pup. "Pal" seems reluctant to follow his new master, but Robert is confident that his new puppy will soon learn who's boss.



HAPPY young prizewinners meet their new pets and some firm friendships begin. Parents of the youngsters hovered nearby, but the children had eyes only for their dogs. For most of them they were their first pets.

● Children and dogs just naturally go together. In Sydney a firm of soft-drink makers acknowledged this fact when they awarded 75 kelpie, spaniel, and fox terrier puppies to prizewinners in their recent children's letter-writing contest. A packet of dog biscuits was given with each puppy.



COCKER SPANIEL pup looks sceptical as his new owner, Patricia Stephens, 11, of South Coogee, holds him up proudly for inspection and christens him "Winkie." Pictures on this page by staff photographer Ron Berg.



PROUD and protective, seven-year-old Terry Cutting, of Concord (above), isn't going to let this cocker spaniel puppy out of his sight. He was too excited to think of a name for the pup, decided to ask his parents about it.

SLEEPY-EYED golden cocker spaniel (right) cuddles contentedly in the arms of his owner, seven-year-old Judy Green, of Coogee. Judy received him at a presentation at Luna Park, Sydney, watched by a large crowd.



Jean Sablon makes an Omelette—"C'est si bon"

● French singer Jean Sablon, now in Australia, loves cooking, and when he tucks a tea-towel around his waist he's an artist to watch. He smilingly denies being a gourmet, explaining he likes to cook because "c'est si bon." Here he creates a French omelette.



CANDLE-LIGHT, a glass of red wine, and a superb omelette need to be shared with a pretty girl, says bachelor Jean Sablon. He points out that good food and beautiful women are loved all over the world—but more so in France.



"MERCI, MADAME," smiles Jean Sablon to Thelma Conti when shopping in Melbourne. His purchases included eggs, garlic, and a twist loaf of French bread.



DABS of butter, one for each egg, are added to well-beaten egg mixture, to which milk and a "splash" of cold water have been added. M. Sablon allows two eggs for each helping.



CHEF'S SECRET. Jean Sablon seasons butter with salt and pepper before heating. He deals deftly with pans until meal is ready. Then, like most men, shuts the door on dirty dishes.



FINELY chopped tips of fresh green asparagus and clove of garlic are fried in butter for about ten minutes. In a larger pan Jean has melted chunks of butter.



OMELETTE is raked with an egg-slicer continuously while being cooked. In a second omelette, chopped parsley, chives, cheryl, and tarragon leaves were used.

The gift you'll be proud to give -
from the **Potter & Moore**
FESTIVAL OF FRAGRANCE



Potter & Moore Mitcham Lavender - always acceptable - always right. Smart bottles in festive presentation cartons in seven sizes - 2/9, 4/-, 6/3, 11/6, 17/6, 22/6, 29/6. **6/3**



Refreshing, fragrant Mitcham Lavender Talcum Powder in sprinkler top tin. Packed in gaily decorated carton. **2/9**



Potter & Moore Shaving Bowl de Luxe. The gift she makes a man remember. In gleaming plastic bowl with embossed hunting dogs in gold relief. In special Xmas carton. **6/11**



Potter & Moore Frozen Fragrance. Six true-to-the-flower fragrances in solid form. Each shown in a glistening card. With free colorful posting carton. Lily of the Valley, Gardenia, Violet, Oriental Poppy, Jasmine or Frangipani. 3/3. Mitcham Lavender or Eau-de-Cologne. 5/6. **5/6**



Three tablets of fragrant Mitcham Lavender Toilet Soap. Ready for gift-giving in presentation box. **7/3**



Gifts of Fragrance! Mitcham Lavender with companion Talcum Powder and Toilet Soap. Presented in gift box for 13/6. **13/6**



Twin luxuries she'll love - Mitcham Lavender Talcum Powder and Six Bath Salt Tablets. Attractively boxed for Christmas. **10/6**



Triple Treasure! Mitcham Lavender Talcum Powder, Mitcham Lavender and Toilet Soap. Grouped in gift box for 10/6. **10/6**



Perpetual favourites - Mitcham Lavender Talcum Powder and matching Toilet Soap. Gift boxed at only 5/11d. **5/11**



A gift of sheer pleasure! Mitcham Lavender and Mitcham Lavender Talcum Powder in presentation box. **11/-**



A Two-in-one Gift: Potter & Moore Shaving Cream and Hair Tonic. Packed for him at only 6/9d. **6/9**



Shaving Soap in de Luxe Bowl, with Hair Tonic, makes a gift he'll love to receive. In presentation box for 11/6d. **11/6**



Be remembered the whole year. Give this complete shaving set. Potter & Moore After-shave Lotion, richly lathering Shaving Soap in de Luxe Bowl and Shaving Brush. All for 23/6d. **23/6**



Refreshing, luxurious Mitcham Lavender Liquid Bath Perfume in smart sprinkler bottle. 4/6, 6/11, 10/9, and 18/6. **4/6**

3 popular Potter & Moore Novelties



Fragrant Bath Jewels (True Musk) (Bath Perfume and Water Softener) in golden jewel case containing six jewels of your favourite perfume. Choose from Mitcham Lavender, Lily of the Valley, Gardenia, Violet, Oriental Poppy or Frangipani. 5/11d. box. **5/11**



Golden Aladdin Lamp, with the genie of magical Mitcham Lavender or Eau-de-Cologne in presentation carton for 4/6d. **4/6**



To grace any dressing table - Golden Gondola containing either Mitcham Lavender or Eau-de-Cologne. Boxed for gift-giving at 4/6d. **4/6**



A popular gift at a popular price. Table Lamp containing Mitcham Lavender or Eau-de-Cologne in Xmas gift box for only 3/3d. Or filled with Oriental Poppy at 4/6d. **3/3**

AT LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE - NOW!



People in the news



QUEEN MOTHER dances with Colonel Coombe, Colonel of the 11th Hussars, at the Balaclava Ball in London. The ball was given by the five regiments whose predecessors composed the Light Brigade in the Crimean War.



QUEEN ELIZABETH, wearing a full-skirted gown of silver lace, is partnered by Air-Marshal Sir John Baldwin, Colonel of the 8th Hussars, as she leads off a ball to celebrate the centenary of the Battle of Balaclava. Sir John, who is 61, was a noted air commander in World War II. He took part in the 1000-bomber air raid on Cologne, Germany, in 1942.



FAMOUS Good quads of England (above) admire the embroidery of their great-grandmother, Mrs. Clara Fairclough, of Keynsham, Somerset. Mrs. Fairclough will be 102 in February. From left, Bridget, Frances, Elizabeth, and Jennifer Good.



MOTHER-AND-DAUGHTER millinery for little girls and their dolls has been introduced in Melbourne by a wholesale milliner. Above, Lyn Oliver, aged 9, of Williamstown, Victoria, chooses natural chip straws with pale blue net ruching lining the underbrim for herself and her doll Annette.



Make this
**MUM'S
HAPPIEST
CHRISTMAS**
give her a

Blendor-Mix

SAVE **MONEY.** See food bills dwindle when you start SAVING with BLENDOR-MIX
TIME. Blendor-Mix CUTS food preparation to HALF and less.
WORK. You'll be amazed how Blendor-Mix SAVES many Kitchen tasks.



What a wonderful gift for Mum. She'll bless your thoughtfulness every time she enters the kitchen; because, this wonder appliance the Blendor-Mix, goes to work for her at almost every meal. Remember, it's seven appliances in one. It's a Mixer—mixes a cake in thirty seconds, a sponge cake in three minutes—a Pureer—a Grater—a Grinder—a Liquidiser—a Shredder and a Blender.
Does things NO OTHER APPLIANCE CAN DO.

Goblet takes the hottest liquids. UNCONDITIONALLY guaranteed for twelve months.

240V and 220V same price
£2 10/-
EASY TERMS
Slightly higher Jd W. Aust.

NEW! PASTRYCOOK'S AERATOR
MIXES SPONGES
FLUMMERIES
ICE CREAM

Now for the very first time you can make your meringues, mock cream, omelettes with the same type aerator that professional pastrycooks use. Unique action charges the mix with thousands of bulk building micro bubbles. Gives a higher rise. Mashes potatoes, beats egg whites and makes ice cream in a fraction of the time of other methods. Complete £8/17/6. (Slightly higher W. Aust.)



BLENDOR-MIX'S SECRET
Unique clover-shaped goblet returns mix into blades automatically—faster mixing than ordinary bowls.
Compare with goblets of conventional shape

a hairdrier too! jars as goblets!



£5/19/6 buys you this efficient Hairdrier which quickly fits on to your standard BLENDOR-MIX



Most screw-top jars become additional goblets when base is fitted with the auxiliary cutting head — 32/6.

SEE THE Blendor-Mix AT ELECTRICAL STORES

Aust. Factory Rep.—Dominion Factors Pty. Ltd., Box 4095, G.P.O., Sydney.
N.Z. Agents—Frank M. Winstone (Merchants) Ltd., 71 Customs St., Auckland.



FISHING from the banks of the Bellinger River (above), Geoffrey shows the Quads how to hold their lines. Phillip, Mark, and Alison gave in early when the fish showed no sign of biting. Judy was patient and had to be called away from the river for lunch.

A LUNCH of sandwiches and flavored milk (below) and a rest in the shade with Mrs. Sara and Mrs. Hinton soon revived the spirits of the five disappointed fishermen. From left the children are Alison, Geoffrey, Judy, Mark, and Phillip. Pictures by Ron Berg.



CHRISTMAS WITH THE QUADS

Christmas excitement began early this year for the Sara Quads, of Bellingen, N.S.W. Now they are four they are old enough to join in the family preparations for the holiday.

They have helped their mother, Mrs. Percy Sara, with the cooking, and have been down the street with Mrs. John Hinton, a family friend, to choose their mother's present.

Picnics and a fishing expedition with Mrs. Sara, Mrs. Hinton, and elder brother eight-year-old Geoffrey are helping to fill in the time till Christmas morning.

But it is a long time coming. There still seems to be a lifetime to live before the day when they can open their stockings, and eat the pudding they helped make.



WINDOW SHOPPING on their way down the street to buy a Christmas present for their mother, Mark, Phillip, Alison, and Judy look speculatively at the colorful display of toys. Phillip and Alison seem attracted by cars, while the dolls take Judy's fancy. Mark looks overwhelmed by the choice.



DEEP THOUGHT goes into the selection of their mother's present. Will it be a pretty scarf or a handkerchief? Judith, Phillip, Mark, and Alison are helped in their choice by Mrs. John Hinton and shop assistant Miss Bernadette Holmes. But what they bought is a big secret until Christmas morning.



RELAXING on the living-room floor (above), Phillip, Alison, Mark, and Judith take a few moments off after their busy afternoon doing the shopping. AT RIGHT: Mixing is important. Phillip helps his mother stir the family pudding, while Mark makes ready with the flour after. Alison and Judith look on, ready to lend a helping hand and keep a lookout for threepeaces.





ON THE STEPS in the garden of their home in Pymble are Tony Pratten and his sister Prue (right) with guests Anita Cunningham (left) and Shanny Stening at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Eric Pratten for their son and daughter.



BARBECUE. Liddy Chandler (left), Annette Charley, and Nick Scheuken at the barbecue held at "Wybeena," Darling Point, in aid of the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children.



QUARTET. Diane Chiplin (left), Costa Frisakis, Jane Anderson, and Campbell McKinney at the Christmas Ball given at Cranbrook School by the members of the Old Cranbrookians' Association.



CHRISTMAS PARTY. Margot Macdonald (left), one of six young hostesses who gave a party at "Shorbrooke," Double Bay, with guests Walter Cameron and Annabel Hall.



GUESTS. Robin Ferguson (left), Lyle Schwarz, and Barbara Northam at Prue and Tony Pratten's dance, given by their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Pratten.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

AFTER spending seven months overseas, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Atwill, of The Astor, Macquarie Street, Sydney, are on their way home in Dominion Monarch.

Their son John is planning to fly to Perth to meet them, and the family will travel to Sydney together, arriving here on January 10.

On New Year's Eve John and his fiancée, Sue Playfair, are flying down to Melbourne to stay over New Year with Baudieu Myer, of Toorak. Then, while Sue returns home, John will go on to Perth to meet his parents.

THE youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Strath Playfair, of Woollahra, Sue has not yet set a definite date for the wedding, but "it will probably be February 21 or 22," she says. A reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club will follow the ceremony at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

Sue will have five attendants — bridesmaids Jenny Chapman, Marcia Moses, and Caroline Anderson, and two small flowergirls, Celia Atwill and Julia Gollan.

IT'S more than a year since Mrs. Bill Buckingham has seen her son, Robert Richards, so it will be quite a reunion when Robert arrives in Sydney on board Himalaya on December 22. There'll be more excitement for Mrs. Buckingham, for she will meet her new daughter-in-law (the former Joanna Armour, of Toronto Canada) for the first time. Joanna and Robert were married in London last September. They have taken a flat in Elizabeth Bay, but will spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Buckingham at their Newport house.

THERE were 90 candles — one for each year — on the 25-pound birthday cake cut by Mrs. Christina Rooney, of Ryde, at the party given to celebrate her birthday at the Masonic Hall, Bondi, last week. More than 130 guests attended the party.



COCKTAIL PARTY. Mrs. George Falkiner (left), Mr. Falkiner, and Mrs. Ashley Buckingham at the party given at their Bellevue Hill home by Mr. and Mrs. Falkiner in honor of his sisters, Mrs. Ernest Burton, of Long Island, U.S.A., and Mrs. Enid Nelson, of Hawke's Bay, New Zealand.



HOSTESS Michele Cains (left) with Jillian Ogilvie, of "Iparran," Glen Innes, and Robert Albert, of Vaucluse, at the party given by Michele at her Woollahra home.

JUST-ENGAGED June Rowland Smith and Tom Falkingham have already decided when they'll be married — in late January or early February next year. June, who is wearing a beautiful solitaire diamond ring, is the daughter of Mrs. Rowland Smith, of Killara, and the late Mr. W. Rowland Smith. Her fiancé is the son of Mr. T. Falkingham, of Rose Bay, and the late Mrs. Falkingham.

"WE'RE hoping that our daughter Susan will be coming home in May next year," Mrs. J. Witton Flynn, of Bellevue Hill, told me. Sue has been overseas for nearly three years, and at present is working on the staff of the Australian Embassy in Paris. Shortly after her return home she will leave Australia again — this time bound for America — to complete her tour.

Anne



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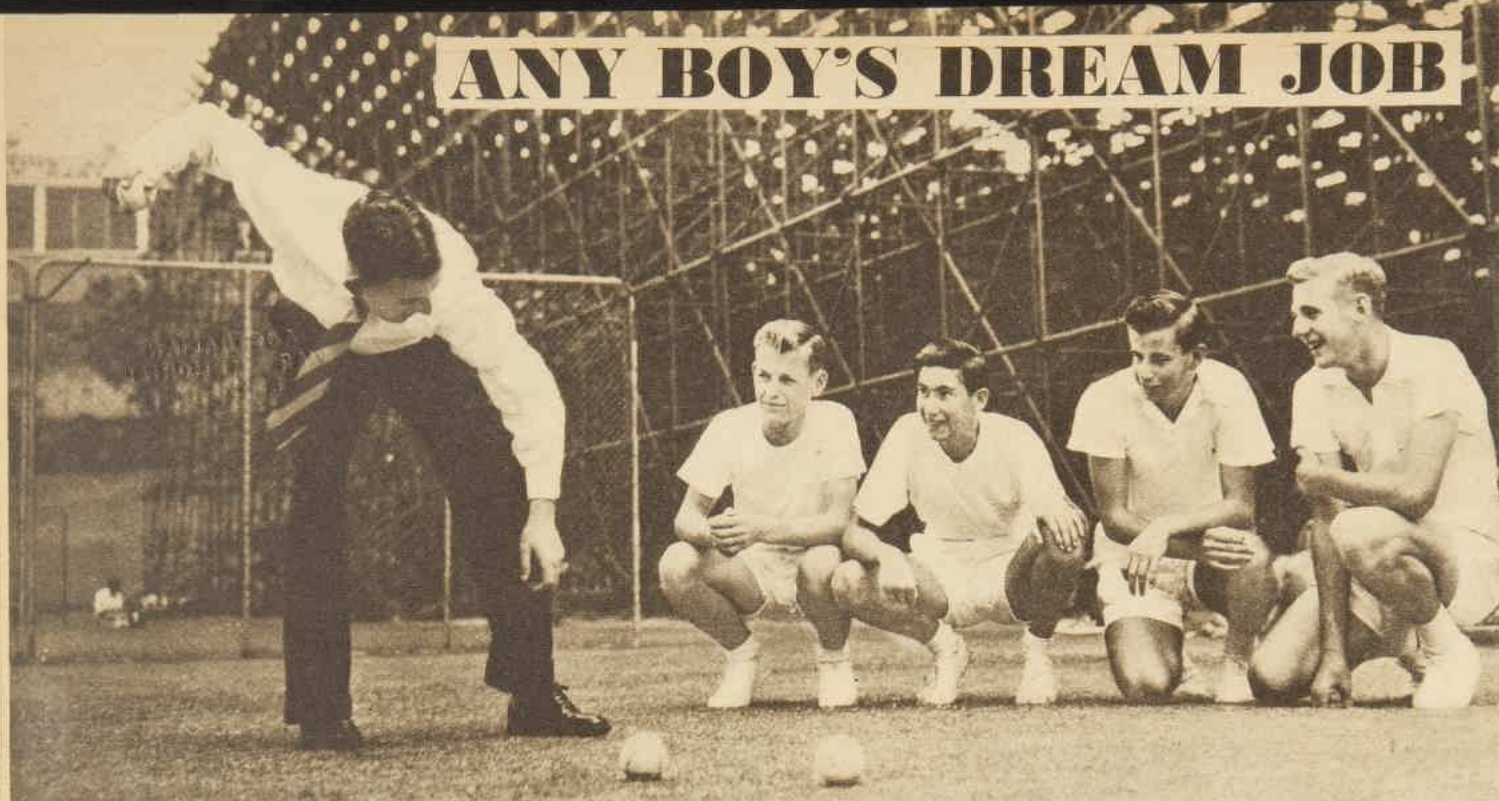


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 22, 1954

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ANY BOY'S DREAM JOB



STAR BALLBOY of 1951, Bruce Bermingham, demonstrates his technique to four of this year's boys (from left), Roy Beekman, Jack Anderson, Donald Grant, Paul Hood.

Twenty-four New South Wales boys could not be persuaded to change places with multi-millionaires or film stars on the days of December 27, 28, and 29.

THEY are the ballboys who will man the courts at White City, Sydney, for the 1954 Davis Cup challenge round.

Selected from 40 boys chosen to work in this year's Davis Cup, the ballboys will operate in teams of eight, each with its own captain.

Two squads comprising the other 16 will man the scoreboard and assist court officials.

Fleetness of foot, quickness of eye, and the ability to think fast have earned the boys a three-day tennis feast that costs the ticket-buying public anything from £3/5/- to £8/10/- a seat.

The boys are not paid for their job, but uniform white shorts and shirts are provided for them, and when they're not actually running round retrieving they have frontline seats in a special ballboys' stand.

And, most important from their point of view, they get a personal acquaintance with the great ones of tennis as well as the closest of close-ups of the games.

The stars, even the most temperamental, will generally exchange good-natured banter with the boys who fetch and carry for them.

And the boys in their turn will gladly do anything for their heroes.

Ballboy Jack Anderson, a veteran of the 1952 interzone final, "nursemaided" diabetic Ham Richardson during November's N.S.W. championships.

"I carried a spoon on to the court with me, and whenever he wanted it—about every second time he changed ends—I mixed him a glass of one part of glucose to two parts cold water," Jack said.

Ballboy Don Grant, a Kogarah Intermediate High School student, said his biggest thrill, before the finals of the last N.S.W. championships, was when Mervyn Rose asked Don to hit-up with him.

"Even though Tony Trabert's my idol it was the best thing that's ever happened to me," Don said.

The choosing of ballboys for the Davis Cup is given serious consideration. Fumbling, lack of smartness, and careless throwing could mar an otherwise perfectly organised world fixture.

For months beforehand the stern eye of tennis officialdom is on the good junior players, from whose ranks come the applications of prospective ballboys.

Ballboy manager Mr. F. McLennan said, "We don't sergeant-major them, but they've got to be able to stand still and not fidget."

Once in the official squad, aspirants for the 24 court jobs study tennis rules, practise retrieving and bouncing balls (balls must be bounced waist-high to the server, not thrown), and generally set themselves a programme of self-improvement.

Appearance, demeanor, and willingness to work are taken into consideration.

The job finally allotted a boy is influenced by his

physique as much as anything.

"The six-footers and over haven't much of a chance of making the grade," said Mr. G. Arden, chairman of the match committee. "If there's too much of them they get in the way."

The short and nuggety are almost automatic selections for the net positions. Rangy boys, with a greater distance to bend down, don't retrieve the ball as smartly.

Arm length and a wide field of reach are required in prospective corner boys.

"Bruce made it pretty tough," is the general opinion amongst the boys. Bruce is Bruce Bermingham, head 1951 Davis Cup ballboy, who was rated by American players as the finest ballboy they'd seen.

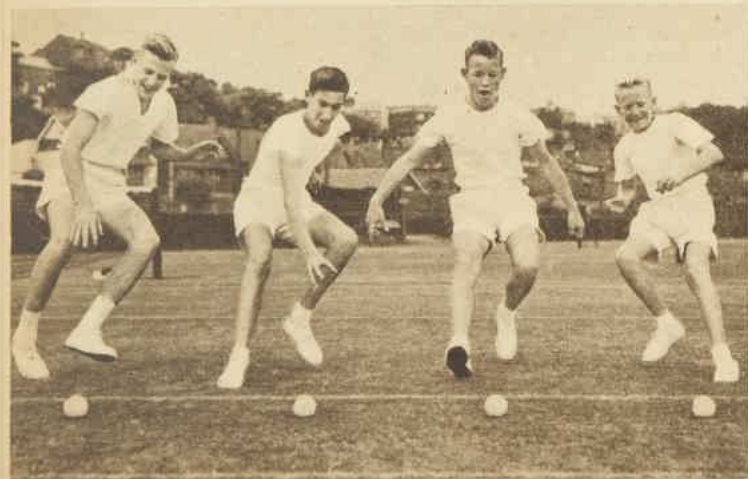
This year's captain of ballboys, 18-year-old Graham Lovett, worked at the net with Bruce Bermingham during the 1951 challenge round, and is grimly determined to keep up to Bruce's standard.

And the boys who don't make the squad?

Twelve-year-old David Walker, blooded as a big-fixture ballboy in last January's Australian Championships, said cheerfully, "You'll be seeing us next time."



BOYS' DOUBLES champions of Victoria, Peter Newman (left) and Neil Gibson, will act as ballboys for this year's Davis Cup challenge round at the White City, Sydney.



SPEED in pick-up is essential for a ballboy. Here (from left) Paul Hood, Jack Anderson, Roy Beekman, and Barry Schofield practise their retrieving.

WATCHED by a group of envious younger boys, a ballboys' squad goes through its march-on paces. Appearance, smartness, and general alertness are all necessary.

SALESGIRL IN TIGHT SHOES

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter.

A sweet-faced woman came shyly up to the counter of the city store and leaned across to where I stood trying to ease my aching feet.

"MY sin . . . small," she said in a low voice. "I've had my sin for years," she added confidentially.

For a moment I thought the heat had been too much for me—then I realised that My Sin was a French perfume.

It was something I should have known at once, of course, because, wearing a borrowed wrap-around uniform which didn't wrap around quite far enough, I was a salesgirl for the day—a salesgirl of cosmetics right at the height of the Christmas rush.

To the girls I worked with I was just another who had come in to work during the season—someone who didn't know much about selling or wrapping parcels, or the cost of things—someone who got under-foot and had to be taught and helped along.

Wrapped in my pink uniform, I'd started work at the beginning of the day. My station was behind an island counter in the middle of the store.

Nearby the outline of a Christmas tree made of silver tinsel soared to a star on top—actually a crystal chandelier. Lilac cupids and baroque candelabra adorned tall white pillars. Great vases of gladioli, yellow lilies, and pink carnations added to the color, and more tinsel and glittering glass balls hung limply in the hot air.

The store was filled with the sound of recorded music grinding away, the clashing of cash registers, and the overall twittering of female voices uttering Christmas hunting cries.

Now and again the music would cut off, for an announcement that little Susie Smith had strayed from her mother. "Susie is wearing a pink dress, white socks, and black patent-leather sandals."

It was hot in the store. Hot, and busy.

Soon my face matched the pink of my uniform, but the 17 other girls who worked in the cosmetics area looked as cool as ever in their pink or blue cottons.

Miss Toni Leggett, buyer for the perfumery department, strolled between the counters, keeping an eye on everything. She wore a linen suit of ice-cream whiteness, while Miss Ethel Freeman, who helped me during the day and was known as the "head girl," was in the customary pink.

Miss Freeman and most of the other salesgirls wore flat-heeled shoes to work. Mine were high-heeled court shoes, and after five or six

hours of solid standing hurt dreadfully.

Either the others removed their make-up constantly or had put it on so well before they left home that it didn't budge, because they managed to look immaculate all day.

Soon customers were thickly around our counter, sniffing at perfumes, lifting up tins of talc powder, peering through the glass cases at powder compacts, admiring manicure sets, and asking ME to serve them with lipstick refills, and the like.

"Just a moment, Madam, I'll find out!" I would chirrup, sprinting around the counter (dislodging cardboard boxes as I went) to ask patient Miss Freeman, Rae Burke, Jan Drake, or Adele Collins.

Usually they were in the middle of serving someone, but would break off to whisper in my ear where the ob-

ject was and how much it cost.

Then trying to act as if I knew the cosmetics department backwards, I would pass on the information to the customer.

Soon the back of my left hand was striped with red weals as I demonstrated the latest lipstick—which won't-kiss-off-or-wear-off.

Days later, I was still scrubbing at my skin. Those lipstick-sticks were very hard to wear off.

Nearly every minute was filled with the routine of selling, marking the sale on a pink sheet, rushing to the cashier (who fortunately added up multiple sales), wrapping the goods in bright paper and lashings of sticky tape, and returning the package to the customer.



And, when there was a lull, I would stand behind the counter looking alert.

Miss Freeman, who came to work during the Christmas rush 14 years ago and has been with perfumery ever since, told me that she wouldn't work anywhere else.

According to Miss Freeman, salesgirls in cosmetics and perfumery departments years ago

were raving beauties, inclined to be haughty and to terrify customers.

"Now," she said, "they are good-looking or have average looks. They go in for good grooming, their nails, hair, hands, and make-up are perfect, their manners natural

and unaffected. Shoppers feel they can ask such girls for make-up advice and get it. So sales go up, too."

Whether sales went up generally during the day I was on duty I wouldn't know. But I do know I did sell something successfully—My Sin.

Royal Christmas at Sandringham

The Royal Family will be together again this Christmas at Sandringham, the Queen's private residence, which will "come alive" with the youngest Royal house-party since it was built.

In addition, they have been making presents.

I know of one potato man Princess Anne made so long in advance that the potato eyes have grown into long whiskers. It will be a bearded old gentleman when Christmas afternoon comes round.

The Queen herself bought so much this year on a Royal spending spree, and brought back so many gifts from abroad, that no one going to Sandringham for Christmas is in any doubt that it is going to be a really gay and extravagant one.

The Queen went shopping for two hours, choosing a square-dancing doll in blue jeans and a wonderful doll's pram for Princess Anne, and lots of delightful small presents from a false nose to comic eyebrows and witty practical jokes.

The Queen will go to Sandringham with Prince Charles and Princess Anne three days before Christmas. However, most of her plans were made early in November, when she went to Sandringham and had long discussions with her housekeeper, Miss Jessie Robertson.

The biggest surprise the Queen has for members of her family is Sandringham itself. Throughout the summer the Queen's private home has been disfigured with scaffolding. Staff on her country estate have been carrying out structural alterations and redecorating rooms.

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

When members of the Royal Family arrive this year they will find that the Queen has rearranged guest-rooms, giving each more privacy and comfort.

The Queen will now occupy a suite of rooms that were formerly Queen Mary's.

Princess Alexandra will be 18 on Christmas Day. As a Royal princess she comes of age officially.

As a grown-up member of the Royal Family, Princess Alexandra will have a suite of rooms with her own sitting-room, which the Queen has had furnished charmingly.

The Queen Mother's suite has been carefully decorated in her favorite shade and furnished with her favorite pieces.

A drawing of Princess Anne by an artist she admires hangs on the wall.

Like most homes where there are children, Sandringham will be roused on Christmas morning by shrieks of excitement as Charles and Anne gather up their presents and rush around showing them to the rest of the family.

After the church service and before the big midday Christmas dinner, which is served punctually at 1.30, present-giving from the Christmas tree will take place.

On the 14ft. tree that stands now in the gold-and-white ballroom there are presents for all tenants and employees.

At Christmas the Queen gathers them together to wish them a merry Christmas and to give each a gift personally.

The Royal Family's Christmas dinner, like that of thousands of other families, will consist of the traditional turkey and plum pudding.

Around the long mahogany table with the Royal Family will be seated the Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene, where the Queen and other members of the family will attend Christmas service, the manager of Sandringham Estates, and engineers in charge of the

Queen's Christmas broadcast.

After Christmas dinner and while the rest of the family are finishing their coffee in the drawing-room, the Queen will go to her study to make her Christmas broadcast.

Over the Christmas holidays there will be dances at Sandringham. Princess Margaret has taken her long-playing records and the Queen Mother has brought back new ones from America.

Christmas at Sandringham for Princess Margaret will be a festive season of planning for her visit to the Caribbean. As soon as the Christmas Day and Boxing Day parties are over she will go through the final details of her visit.

Among the presents she will receive will be casual pieces to add to her tour wardrobe.

Christmas night at Sandringham will be very much a family affair.

First, members of the family will watch television by the glow of flickering candles. Afterwards, they will organise games. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret still love charades.

Supper on Christmas night is always a cold one, and all, including the Queen, will help themselves from a long buffet in the dining-room.

The buffet is arranged so that all the servants can have the night off for their own party in the servants' wing.

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water and use cool iron while still damp.

DRESS SENSE

by
Betty
Keep



D.S. 119.—One-piece dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Current fashions are strong on stripes—they appear in varying widths dotted through every summer collection.

WITH this fashion theme in mind, the American-styled shirt-waist dress (above) is my choice for this week's "Dress Sense" pattern. The style will answer numerous requests I have received asking for a smart shirt-dress, suitable for general day wear.

Here is a typical letter and my reply.

"I HAVE been interested in your fashion advice for some time, and now would like you to assist me with a problem. I have tried unsuccessfully to buy a paper pattern for a really smart shirt-frock, and would be grateful if you could design a style and suggest the correct type of material."

The dress I have chosen in answer to your request is illustrated above. The material is a pin-striped cotton; the design is chosen to fall in line with the currently popular soufflé skirted silhouette.

Note the interesting arrangement of the stripes. It is this feature of the design which helps to make the dress chic and unusual. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Lines under the sketch will give you further details and tell you how to order.

"I WOULD like your help on the subject of blouse designs. I want to make several, and don't know what styles to follow."

You omitted to state the occasion and the type of garment with which you intended to wear your blouses. However, broadly speaking, this year's blouses have adopted a more feminine, daintier look. Even the man-tailored shirt-b blouse is seen in flowery cottons. Collars are often small, some scalloped, others finished with embroidered motifs. Sleeves tend to be on full side, and finished below the elbow. Another blouse-type is sleeveless. The lingerie blouse is a strong fashion, made in cotton, with tucks and lace used for quite elaborate trims.

"MY young sister, aged 15, has asked me to make her a frock to wear in January and February. She doesn't have a great number of dresses, so I would like your suggestion for something pretty yet simple. She has fair hair and blue eyes."

Make your sister a pinafore dress, beltless, and cut princess style. Choose a pink-and-white-checked gingham for the dress and a crisp white cotton for a short-sleeved blouse. This idea will give your sister two frocks in one, because, minus the blouse, the dress can become a pretty sunfrock.

"WOULD beige cotton brocade be suitable for a frock to wear in the late afternoon?"

Yes, if you keep the design simple. For instance, the dress could be made with a moulded bodice, finished with a boat-shaped neckline tipped on each shoulder with a flat bow. Have the skirt flared, and the waistline finished with a shaped cummerbund belt made in shocking-pink linen and lined with dress canvas.

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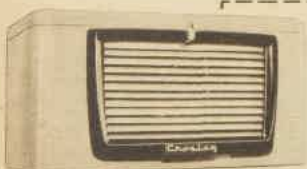
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"How's the steak?"



"Did you say that he PROMISED to bring you a pony and a space ship?"

It seems to me

AT a party the other night the conversation turned on the use of hypnosis in medicine and dentistry.

"I'd like to see anyone hypnotise me," said one woman. I was about to utter "Hear, hear," when I thought of shopping.

Breathes there a woman with character so strong that she has never been hypnotised in a dress shop?

How else explain finding yourself on the footpath with a garment twice as expensive as you meant to buy and unsuited to the original purpose?

The final touch in modern sales-hypnosis is provided when, as you gaze at yourself looking bleak and forlorn in the mirror, the salesgirl says, "Of course, it looks nothing now, but when Madame dresses it up with her jewellery . . ."

At this point she gives the impression that your bureau at home is crawling with emeralds. For some curious reason you believe her.

Out on the footpath you picture your two tatty necklaces and reflect soberly that it will cost another fiver to "dress up" the little number under your arm.

If it isn't hypnotism, what is it?

★ ★ ★

LOOKING round the bookshops, I was interested this Christmas season to note how children's books stay the same, yet change with the times.

After buying one called "School in the Skies," by R. S. Lyons, I'm able to report that books for boys appear to use the old characters in modern settings.

Tubby West (fat, with glasses), Dick Glendall (coward, makes good), Jack Tredegar (head boy) could all have stepped out of the boys' schools I read about in my youth.

Difference is that the school is a four-engined aircraft. (I don't know how new the book is. Perhaps later editions will turn it into a jet.)

The master is an ace pilot, an R.A.F. type who was sick of being grounded, so takes the Fourth Form aloft on a marvellous trip round the globe.

The dialogue is a little tougher for girl readers than it used to be. Sample:

"Now see that patch on the green line? That tells me that we are receiving a signal from a vessel. Our signals go out, strike the vessel and return to show on the 'bottle'—cathode ray tube that is!"

"And what is the other tube for, with the pointer going round?" asked Glendall.

Later on in the story there's a more familiar piece. The plane is flying over the Rockies, weather frightful. A nasty boy called Wilkes thinks that Glendall is frightened. "You're a funk, Glendall, a white-livered funk," he cries.

I was pleased, too, to note that the "School in the Skies" called at Sydney, Australia, flew over the Harbor Bridge, and the pupils played a Test match against the local boys.

In my day none of the British authors of boys' books had ever heard of Australia. Perhaps, I thought, the author is an Australian writing in the English manner.

But no, the visitors won that Test match.

By



Dorothy Drann

FRIEND of mine, a mother whose children are a bit older than those in the Mother cartoon above, had an experience with a space ship last week, too.

She had brought the young into town to a department store Christmas show, expecting nothing more novel than reindeer and merry-go-rounds, and found that the show included a space ship.

So she took her seat in this thingummy along with the children, and listened enthralled as the pilot gave commands in the latest science-fiction language.

Naturally, he was wearing the very latest in space suits, and looked most impressive.

Lights went out, and outside the window could be seen the moon, the stars, and the planets.

Coming from a domestic life enlivened by an occasional film, she was absolutely enthralled, so she reports, and as she got out was positively trembling with excitement.

"Goodness, wasn't it wonderful?" she asked her eldest, a ten-year-old boy.

"Now, Mother," he said soothingly, "we weren't really moving; you know. All those things were just passing outside the window."

★ ★ ★

IN the National Bank window in Sydney's leading hotel is a handsome chart showing what the Australian pound is worth in 28 different currencies.

For instance, in Portugal it is worth 63.66 escudos, in Indonesia 24.76 rupiahs, in Italy 1374 lire.

"Not a word," reports a colleague tartly, "about its value in Australia."

★ ★ ★

DURING the debate on the Liquor Amendment Bill in the New South Wales Parliament, a member suggested that barmaids should be dressed in black, and over 60 years of age. This, he said, would not encourage men to remain long in bars.

Oh, come, sir, be a little more precise!

In black, you say, and over sixty? But—

Some charmers, sir, might still look rather nice.

Depends on how the black's designed and cut.

Most femmes get less fatale with age, 'tis true.

And tend to lose their sweet, beguiling ways.

But equally, their blemishes seem few

To viewers in an alcoholic daze.

And, anyhow, suppose they're really drear.

No chit-chat, repartee, nor smile, nor wink—

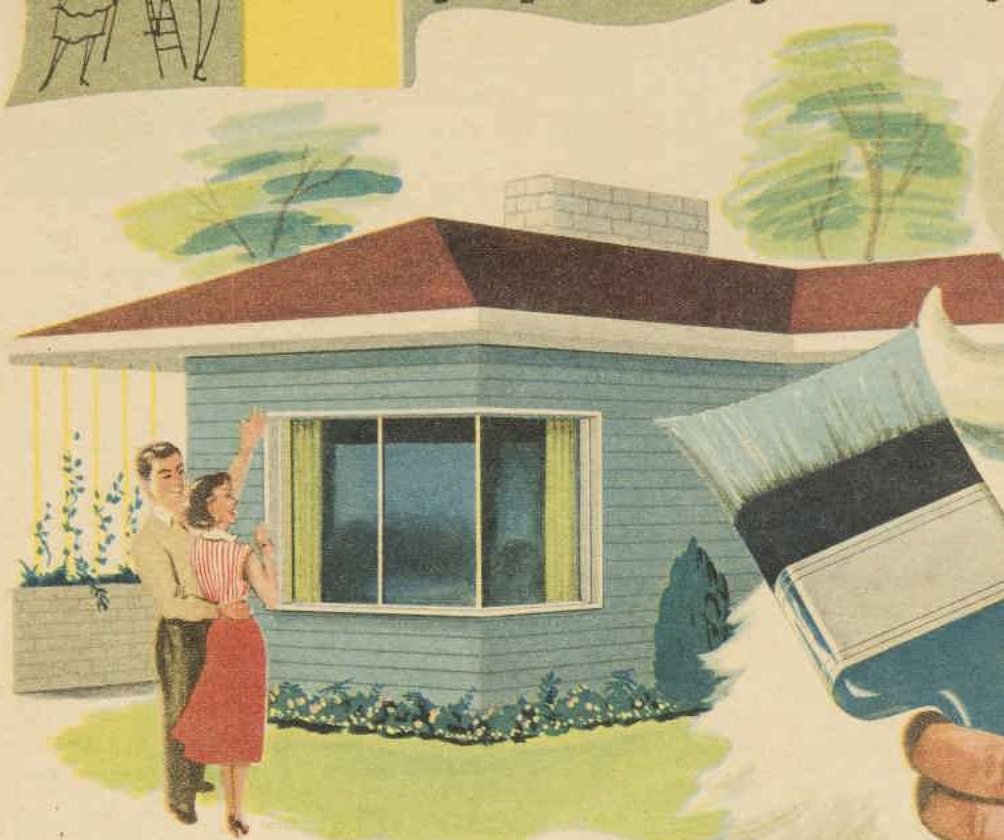
Why, sir, you're still defeated, for I fear

That what boys like in bars, you know, is drink.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 22, 1954



Planning to paint during the holidays?



**then give your home
a present with a future ...**



PAINT IT WITH

Berger master

....shields your home behind....



FOLLOW Santa's advice... paint your home with gay and lovely Bergermaster and you'll be giving it a Christmas present with a long, long future. Bergermaster's snap and sparkle lasts years longer than ordinary paints because Bergermaster contains the miracle plastic ingredient STYRENE. When you paint with Bergermaster you literally shield your home behind a weather-proof film of plastic armour... the sun can't blister it, rain can't penetrate it and dirt can't cling to its glass-smooth surface. Yes, indeed, Bergermaster has a long and colourful future.

What's more, any handy man (or woman) will

find Bergermaster the easiest-to-use paint ever. It flows on easy and fast, with no brushmarks, and it has such good hiding-power that a second coat is often saved on repainting jobs.

Your nearest paint stockist will gladly show you the Bergermaster range of 23 crisp, fadeless colours and he'll advise you, too, on the correct Berger Primer or Undercoat to use.

NOTE: Undercoating is unnecessary on previously painted surfaces in good condition. However, where undercoats are required, always use BERGER undercoats for best results.



Free! Practical painting advice from the
MAYFAIR COLOUR CENTRE

Expert colour consultants will prepare a special colour scheme for your home (or any part of it—inside or out). Each colour scheme is individual—to suit your particular furniture, furnishings and location. Mayfair will also be pleased to help you with answers to technical problems, from surface preparation to final application. Phone, call in, or post the coupon to your nearest Mayfair Colour Centre.

To:—Mayfair Colour Centre

SYDNEY: 11c Castlereagh Street. BW 1781
MELBOURNE: 422 Collins Street. MU 3202
BRISBANE: 324 Queen Street. B 9991 B 5782
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Edwardstown. LF 4801
PERTH: 19 Mount Street. BA 9121

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Worth Reporting

Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs

A truly exquisite gift

Irish linen handkerchiefs are indeed an exquisite gift for the truly feminine. See them in all sorts of attractive gift boxes at your favourite store. But remember, make sure you buy "Pure Irish Linen."

Irish Linen

IT'S LOVELY IT LASTS

Tan gloriously

Now you can get a lovelier tan—and no burning—with Skol, Hollywood's favourite Suntan Lotion.

Skol blocks burn rays and prevents scorching. No messy oil or grease, no dye and Skol does not dry out the skin! For the most glorious tan of your life, get a bottle of Skol Suntan Lotion.



Large size: 4/3. Small: 2/8

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SOME people collect tea pots, cigarette packets, postcards. Those in the higher income groups are more fond of first editions, porcelain, old masters, and assorted expensive rarities.

A typical collector of the latter type is M. Paul Jacoulet, a 52-year-old French artist, who lives in Japan, produces colorful woodcuts in the Oriental style, and collects butterflies.

We met M. Jacoulet while he was holidaying in Sydney with his eight-year-old adopted South Korean daughter Therese, and his South Korean secretary, Louis Rah, who also are both interested in butterflies.

M. Jacoulet's collection, at the last count, numbered approximately 200,000 dead butterflies. Some of these he captured himself. Others were bought from butterfly collectors in various countries.

"I do not hunt butterflies myself any more," M. Jacoulet told us. "I am getting too old, and my health is not good. Mr. Rah, my secretary, hunts them for me."

"Always I have hated to kill them. I don't like to make harm to any thing. I am very sensitive. I would rather get the butterflies when they are dead and prepared."

"Others prepare the butterflies, I only look at them."

"To have a really big collection of butterflies, one must be rich. Am I rich? I am not poor. I make a lot of money, but I spend it. I spend a lot of it on butterflies."

First couple of Ulster

A WARM invitation from the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, during the Coronation last year is responsible for Northern Ireland's Prime Minister, Viscount Brookeborough, and Lady Brookeborough making their first visit to Australia.

The Brookeboroughs were due to arrive in Fremantle, W.A., on December 15.

Genial Irishman Sir Robert Gransden arrived in advance to make arrangements for the six weeks' visit of the "First Couple of Ulster."

Lady Brookeborough is president of the Women's Institute in Northern Ireland, which has similar aims and objects to the Australian Country Women's Association.

She is particularly looking forward to meeting some of the Australian country women.



"Well, okay—if you want to be like a sister to me, lend me a fiver till pay day."

A BACHELOR schoolmaster of our acquaintance had a questionnaire from his old college the other day seeking information about his activities for the college magazine.

He answered the first query: "Are you married?" with a simple "No." To the next, "Number of children?" he wrote "89" (the number of students in his class).

When it came to detailing his "age," he put "14-15" (the age group he teaches).

Schoolboys revive old festival

DRESSED in black gowns and starched white ruffs, a choir of 40 boys from Granville Secondary Technical School, Sydney, brought back some of the traditions of the Middle Ages when recently they presented a Christmas festival known as "A Festival of Nine Carols and Nine Lessons."

Mr. Ian Dicker, a master at the school, suggested they stage the festival after he had seen it presented at Cambridge in all its medieval pomp.

"It probably goes back 500 years," he said. "I think it would be about the oldest Christian ceremony of its kind."

The festival consists of nine carols sung to the original music and nine lessons from the Old and New Testaments read in between.

Back in the middle of the last century it was revived by Archbishop Benson, and then in the 1920's it was revived again at King's College, Cambridge, where it is performed every Christmas Eve.

"Ours, I believe, is the first school in Australia to try it," said Mr. Dicker. "We have tried to create as far as possible the atmosphere of the original festival."

IN the Sydney suburb of St. Ives there's a tiny brand-new house which bears the name "Costa Tomucha." It's meaning is painfully clear to anyone who's built a home lately.

You can "tape it from here."

THROUGH the G.P.O. in all Australian capital cities every week come voices from all over the world wrapped up in little parcels.

These voices ask questions and talk about everyday happenings in far-off places. But they are heard only by those who have "ears" to hear them—members of the Australian Tape Recordists' Association, who correspond with overseas "penfriends" by means of tape recorders.

"Talking letters" posted to Australian tape enthusiasts by members of overseas clubs such as "International Taperespondents" and the "Cosmos Club" of Sweden display a great curiosity about Australia.

"Are kangaroos tame, and do you keep them as pets?" they ask. "Tell us about Sydney and Melbourne." "Do you have T.V.?" "Please record the Melbourne post office clock." "What do your trams and trains sound like?" "What type of radio programmes do you have?" "Could we hear your St. Paul's Cathedral in Melbourne?" "Is your laughing jackass a pet?"

According to Mr. Douglas Wilson, N.S.W. honorary State organiser of the Australian Tape Recordists' Association, you can "tape it from here" without much expense, and have a lot of fun doing it.

Hostessing without tears

HARASSED hostesses with Christmas party problems are well catered for in Melbourne, where a leading distillery has opened a free advisory service.

Mrs. Elizabeth Scales, who runs the service, has been inundated with questions since she launched it several weeks ago.

Well up on the list is how to cope with the familiar party bugbear—the tendency for men to congregate at one end of the room, leaving the women alone at the other end.

Mrs. Scales gives an answer to that one. She suggests "The Game," a variation on the old charades, acted out with finger signs, that was introduced by The Australian Women's Weekly.

"Remember everyone is basically a little shy," is her advice to shy hostesses. "Just try to forget yourself and concentrate on your guests."

"Prepare the food and drinks as perfectly as possible and you'll feel confident enough to cope with any party."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY RUD

Don't be HALF-SAFE!



New super-smooth cream deodorant

SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 to 3 DAYS

Individually or out, there's always the danger of offending—unless you stop perspiration before it becomes a social embarrassment.

Smoother, creamier Arrid: instantly stops perspiration and keeps it under control. As opposed to leading doctors, Arrid makes no claim to be a medical product. It's just a cosmetic.

Not astringent. Arrid does not irritate skin, even after shaving. Arrid has a wonderful new ingredient, Persipap—now guaranteed that new Arrid is softer, smoother than ever. But the new super-smooth Arrid is still the same.

ARRID

Now with Persipap for Super Creaminess



First Favourite with housewives



for 60 years—genuine

PHILIPS



STOP KIDNEY POISONING TODAY

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, and Cold, Discharge, Cures, Drops, Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop trouble with Cystex—this new germ-tube destroyer which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

SKIN ITCH Stops in 7 MINUTES

Don't let ugly, disgusting Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has a new American Hospital Discovery called Nixoderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 22, 1954



CREDIT is due to Marie Flynn, one of 12 leaders at the Waverley Christian Community Centre.

Teenage section Giving credit where it's due

On Christmas Day in a small flat at Bellevue Hill, Sydney, six eager young people will sit down to a very special Christmas dinner with all the trimmings from soup to nuts.



Through their contact with the Centre, and because of the friends they make there, many young people are saved from the boredom and loneliness which could, and sometimes does, lead them to delinquency.

Marie first became interested in the Centre and its work when she came from Barraba to work in the city.

She didn't know a soul in Sydney, and was lonely until she heard about the Centre and went there to meet young people of her own age.

At the beginning of this year, her fifth at the Centre, Marie became a leader.

With eleven other leaders, all under 30, she devotes her evenings to guiding some 150 youngsters who prefer to enjoy themselves in the warm, easy atmosphere of the Centre rather than trying to find amusements on the streets.

Coming up through the ranks as she has, Marie understands the needs of the young people and can help them to find congenial friends at the Centre or to solve any problems they might bring her.

With Christmas nearly here, she and the other leaders are busier than ever running a Christmas programme for the Centre members.

This programme is showing many of the youngsters, who have never known a real Christmas, just what it can mean.

As Bruce Margetts, the director, said, "It's giving the kids a spirit of Christmas they mightn't otherwise have."

Marie says that on Thursdays, the one night of the week she doesn't go to the Centre, she usually has six or so of the boys and girls dropping in on her at home for a few minutes to talk over a problem or just to chat.

Crosby, Victor Young, Les Paul Trio, Fred Waring, John Scott Trotter, Matty Matlock, and Bob Haggart, to name only a few. And among composers you'll hear songs from Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers, Johnny Mercer, Robin and Raninger, Revel and Gordon, Hoagy Carmichael, and Frank Loesser.

There's a booklet containing a detailed "Bingography," and the whole thing is packed in a box with a really novel art cover. Five LPs seem an awful lot . . . but then they give you an awful lot of entertainment and amusement. I'll give Santa three guesses as to what I want for Christmas!

—BERNARD FLETCHER

MEMBERS of the newly formed Centre Band practise before an admiring audience. The band makes its bow at the Christmas party.

Here's your answer

"I DON'T know about the custom in other places, but in our district it seems to be taken for granted that if a boy takes a girl out for an evening, or even just walks her home from somewhere, he is entitled to a goodnight kiss. I think some boys demand the kiss because they fear that otherwise the girl will feel insulted; and if the kiss is given, the boy loses some of his respect for the girl who is apparently willing to kiss any boy who asks her. On the girl's side, she feels that if she holds back she will offend the boy, be considered 'mid-Victorian,' and lose popularity. Could you please suggest some way for a girl (I am one) who dislikes indiscriminate kisses to turn down a request for one without endangering her social calendar?"—"P.C.," Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

To kiss a boy you don't want to kiss is very foolish, indeed, regardless of the social calendar. Of course, you don't have to let him know this.

If you don't want to kiss him, tell him, "Not to-night, John—when I know you better." If he's a borderline case, give him a peck. If you really like him, kiss him.

Whether to kiss goodnight is the question that has been perplexing girls since the Ark, and the decision varies with the boy, the girl, the mood, and the moment.

None of the best kisses are ever asked for. They're exchanged by mutual consent. Any boy who asks for a kiss is at an immediate disadvantage, so make the most of it.

M. Kangaroo Point, Qld.

You're in the sort of situation that time helps more than anything. Welcome any chance that brings you in touch with him and his family, but if no serious attachment has resulted in all these months, there is only the faintest hope of any such development now. And, yes, go out with all the boys you can, even if none of them means anything to you for the moment.

Kay Melaun



"Faultless"—that's the name and that's the quality. Ask to see the Faultless "Air-male," the zephyr-weight leisure shirt (just 6 ozs. light) that lets out the heat, lets in the breeze. Guaranteed unshrinkable, fadeless, washable,* in ten self-patterned pastel tonings.



Everyone looks better in a

FAULTLESS
SHIRT

* Tailored from Wonder



BRITISH fabric

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

● This week Debbie makes a fruit punch for Christmas parties. She prepares the fruit juices, combines them, and chills them overnight in the refrigerator in a covered container. Then at serving-time she adds the cherries, passion-fruit, ginger ale, and soda water.

PARTY PUNCH

Four pints tinned pineapple juice, 6 lemons, 6 oranges, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup freshly picked mint leaves, 6 pints ginger ale, 3 pints soda water, 1 cup chopped ripe cherries (stones removed), pulp of 6 passion-fruit.

1. Place pineapple juice in large basin, add sugar.

2. Extract juice from oranges and lemons, strain, and add to pineapple juice.

3. Wash mint leaves, stir into contents of basin.

4. Cover, place in refrigerator and chill thoroughly with bottles of ginger ale and soda water.

5. Wash cherries, cut each into two or three pieces, removing stones. Squeeze out passion-fruit pulp.

6. At serving-time, place a large lump of ice in each serving-bowl or jug.

7. Add cherries and passion-fruit pulp to fruit juices, mix well.

8. Add ginger ale and soda water, mix together and pour quickly into serving-bowls or jugs.

This quantity is sufficient for 25 persons.

When cherries are not in season Debbie uses sliced strawberries instead.

DISC DIGEST

"CALL ME LUCKY" is the name of Bing Crosby's autobiography, but I call lucky those who hear his musical autobiography on record which is entitled "Bing." So far I have heard only snippets of this novel venture, which occupies five 12-inch LPs and runs for 44 hours.

Bing tells his story in his well-known drawl, enlivens it with backstage anecdotes and personal matter, and sings no fewer than 89 of the songs which he has made synonymous with his name. In short, this is 25 years of show business on disc, and a cavalcade of the best of the popular songs of that period.

Apparently many of his early songs, made in the mid-

'thirties, were unsuitable for transfer to microgroove, so these have all been re-recorded with the Buddy Cole Trio, which also supplies the musical "bridges" connecting the episodes.

Many ensemble numbers were impossible to duplicate, so we hear originals of Bing with such great stars as Al Jolson, Mary Martin, Connie Boswell, Judy Garland, Bob Hope, Louis Armstrong, the Andrews Sisters, and Jane Wyman.

There are bands and vocal groups galore—Jack Teagarden, Woody Herman, Bob

Crosby, Victor Young, Les Paul Trio, Fred Waring, John Scott Trotter, Matty Matlock, and Bob Haggart, to name only a few. And among composers you'll hear songs from Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers, Johnny Mercer, Robin and Raninger, Revel and Gordon, Hoagy Carmichael, and Frank Loesser.

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—BERNARD FLETCHER



A boon to busy mothers

What a lot there is for the mother of a baby to do . . . and only one pair of hands to do it all!

Donald Duck Strained Foods save busy mothers so much precious time. It's no trouble at all to prepare a variety of tasty meals for baby this new, convenient way and it's money-saving too. Donald Duck meals for baby are wholesome, varied, tasty, and made under the most hygienic conditions from only the finest selected Australian raw fruits, vegetables and meats.

Doctors and Baby health centres approve prepared Strained foods and only chemists stock . . .



DONALD DUCK
STRAINED FOODS

For quality beef, breed
ABERDEEN—ANGUS

CLEVER, COLORFUL CLOTHES FROM ITALY



FROM ROME comes the amusing beach hat made in vivid orange. The hat in the original crude shape has a casual wavy brim and is minus trimming. The material is a mixture of wool, silk, and straw stiffened to keep the shape.

"Fetching and original" best describe the colorful Italian fashions on these two pages. The clothes show the Italians' love of casual fashion and their witty and unusual approach to designing. Note how their sense of fun goes hand in hand with a perfect color sense and superb craftsmanship.



OUTFIT of green-and-violet peasant cloth jacket and cream slacks is a Tessitrice Dell'isola creation. The pouch slung around the hips is matched to the striped fisherman's cap.

TWO COLORS, cardinal-red and royal-blue, are used by Tessitrice Dell'isola in the cotton trousers below. The trousers, unlike most current designs, are straight to the ankles.



TESSITRICE DELL'ISOLA, of Capri, designed these brief red beach shorts and finished each leg with a bold blue stripe. The shorts are worn with a white sleeveless blouse. Note the Roman sandals with ties twisted around the ankles.



SIMONETTA OF ROME combines red and blue stripes for the cotton skirt designed for resort wear. The stripes are cleverly arranged to give the appearance of pleats. A scooped-neck blouse in black cotton completes the ensemble.





POPPY-RED hat (above) made in wool, silk, and straw is from Rome and is worn over the forehead. Italian designers make a feature of unusual beach hats.

①

QUATRO SPILLE, of Rome, styled the three-color straw skirt (right) using red, yellow, and black for the color scheme. The skirt is modelled by young Italian film star Lucio Rose.



LA PARISIENNE OF CAPRI designed this amusing hat with its high rising peaked crown. The hat is made in natural-colored basket straw and is worn forward to cover the hair-line. On Capri hats are often worn long after the sun goes down.



MARK ANTONY is the name of this violet velvet fringed jacket by Simonetta, of Rome. The jacket features one of the new bateau-shaped necklines and above elbow sleeves. Here it is worn with close-fitting knee trousers.



HAND-KNIT sailor type sweater in heavy scarlet wool is another Simonetta of Rome design. The collar can be worn up round the throat or flat. The chic sleeves are loose and uncuffed. Narrow cord is tied under the collar.



ALSO BY Simonetta, of Rome is this enormously wide orange cotton skirt printed with a design of black ink spots. The skirt is worn with a black cotton sweater scooped out low at the back and short black wrist-length gloves.

SUGAR PLUMS AND SMELLING SALTS

Just one hundred years ago, in Christmas Week, 1854, the ladies and gentlemen of the colony of New South Wales were in much the same state of hustle as the men and women of the Commonwealth of Australia are today.

THEY, too, were preparing for Christmas. Like their modern great-granddaughters, the colonial ladies were anxiously considering their festive wardrobes. And in December, 1854, they had quite something to consider.

Several tall sailing ships, four months out from England, were at anchor in Sydney Harbor, their holds bulging with — yes — "the latest from Paris."

Crinoline dresses of French muslin, bareges or balzarine, beribboned and beflowered bonnets of silk, rice straw, chip or Leghorn and tiny parasols of brocaded silk were readily available for the lady with an eye to fashion.

Men could cut dashing figures in silk moire vests with Albert guard chain, black satin top-hats, and the handsome new gaiter shoes or promenade boots.

Like December, 1954, December, 1854, was filled with the promise of good things to eat as well as to wear.

The shops were stocked with such delights as preserved game from England and France, glace cherries, walnuts, sugar plums, and American ham at 10d. a pound.

With imported brandy at

9/6 a gallon, port at 6/- a gallon, and madeira at 22/- a dozen bottles, it seems not unlikely that it was a year of plentiful headaches.

Popular presents for the ladies were workboxes of rosewood and papier mache, reticules, glove boxes, jet and hair bracelets, smelling-salts bottles, shawl pins, visiting-card cases, and pearl-inlaid rosewood writing-desks.

The men were given cigars, snuff, gold watches and

By AINSLIE BAKER,
staff reporter

chains, and silver-fitted dressing-cases costing from £5 to £20.

Conveyance by "the magnificent steamer Ben Bold, accompanied by German Band," was promised those choosing to spend Boxing Day at the Grand Annual Fete at the Sir Joseph Banks Hotel

and Zoological Gardens at Botany Bay.

For the price of 10/- or 5/- (for those who liked plainer provender), patrons were assured of "a sumptuous Cold Collation, tastefully served in the Rustic Saloon."

As an additional attraction the proprietor advertised "Dancing on a smooth and carpet-like lawn, accompanied by German band, relieved at intervals by a rich-toned and powerful apollonicon, equal to a full military band."

Not all was joy, though. A hundred years ago, as now, a sombre note crept in here and there.

The world situation had its usual touch of gloom.

In fact, editorial comment at Christmas time, 1854, has an extraordinarily familiar ring for modern readers.

To quote one daily: "The comparative resources of



Russia and of Western Europe, for war purposes, have been made the subject of elaborate discussion all the world over."

But wars and rumors of wars could no doubt be as easily forgotten in Christmas Week, 1854, as they can be in Christmas Week, 1954, because, when you come down to essentials, Christmas in Australia 100 years ago wasn't so different from Christmas today.

The sugar plums and smelling salts, the Albert chains, and the apollonicons have gone, but the present-giving, the good food, the kindness, and the Christmas cheer are still with us in 1954 as they were in 1854.

there in the kitchen, a bunch of holly in a bowl and a wreath with a fat, red bow at the window against a background of falling snow.

She shut her eyes against the glare of harsh sunlight to get closer to the memory. When she opened them, Peter was playing with the breadknife.

"Peer! Put that down!"

"Daddy lets me hold the breadknife."

"I know he does. But Mummy doesn't like it. Please give it to me, Peer."

He relinquished it as if he had known the happiness was too good to last.

"Are you going to kill the chook, Mummy?"

Shirley thought of Marion.

"Yes," she said, "but not now."

"Why not now?"

The iron roof was making a crackling sound as the sun beat down. Shirley took her handkerchief and wiped her face.

"I think we'll make the stuffing first."

Peer put his hand in his pocket and drew out a dead lizard. At least Shirley hoped it was dead.

"Not here, Peer!" she cried.

"Put it in your corpse box on the back verandah." That was a box she had fixed up in self-defence after she had found his room a jungle of such things when she came.

While he was out of the kitchen, she started collecting ingredients for the stuffing.

Christmas Eve so far didn't seem to be reaching the heights of bliss Colin had pictured. But it was at least a comfort to remember the presents that were hidden away. That part of Christmas was all right at any rate.

Her family at home had sent a great many presents for Peer, and one, she knew, was a goods-train and tracks.

She had very particularly reminded the family that it must be the wind-up kind. Though they would have remembered anyway probably, as she had said a good deal in her letters about the quaintness of kerosene lamps.

Colin and she had talked for hours about what they would give him, and finally they had

Continuing . . . A Son for Shirley

(from page 5)

decided upon a saddle. His first saddle.

The ungainly treasure had been a problem to wrap, for its shape gave away the secret, so Shirley had stuffed newspaper into strategic places to disguise it. Just in case Peer should feel like making an experimental poke. Not that she need have worried about his poking. It was clear that he wasn't even interested in Christmas.

Except for that momentary flicker about the tree.

It was a shame they didn't have Christmas trees. Just think how pretty all those beautifully wrapped presents from home would have looked underneath the branches. And how mysterious the package that was the saddle. Colin and she had given Peer a book, too, about horses and ponies, as well as candy and other things.

A tree would have been lovely. Besides, trimming it would have been a way of entertaining Peer.

Well, why not have one? There was no law about a Christmas tree being a spruce. Peer and she could pick some of the wild red and yellow Bowers called Christmas Bells and string them in garlands to use as trimming. Or she could fasten on the most colorful of the cards. She'd find something for decoration if she just had the tree.

She went to the window and looked hopefully out into the garden and over the paddocks shimmering in the heat.

Peer came in just then, and, with the lack of ease she always felt with him, she started accounting for staring out of the window like that.

"I thought perhaps we could have a—Christmas tree," her voice trailed off as she realised there was nothing out there that would do.

"Will you chop it down, Mummy?"

Only something violent seemed to set off any spark in him.

"I suppose so," she said, feeling rather panicky. She

shouldn't have mentioned a tree before she knew she could surely get one. "Put your hat on and we'll see what we can find."

She got the axe and they walked around to the front steps. The sun hit like a blast as they left the shade of the verandah.

Shirley looked quickly around the garden in a desperate sort of way. Gum trees and other trees that were too tall or otherwise impossible, but nothing that could be used for a Christmas tree. Nothing.

She remembered some wattles down by the creek.

"Come on, Peer. We'll go to the creek."

Once away from the lawn, the tassels were hard to walk on. Glittering winged insects flew up from the brown grass into the air that seemed brittle with heat.

The creek was a mere trickle of muddy water. Up a little way, on the other side, willows drooped against each other, but on this side was the clump of wattle.

They called it mimosa back home. Shirley used to see it in florists' windows and think how lovely the countryside must look splashed with those golden blossoms that were tiny, fluffy balls.

But all the blooms had gone at this season and the little trees were bedraggled and grey with their delicate foliage limp in the heat. She pictured one with trimmings on and was afraid it was going to look like a slightly drunken, grey kitten.

But it was that or nothing. She took a good swing with the axe, but she was so awkward that the blade barely chipped the tender bark. After that, she hacked, rather than chopped, while perspiration poured from her little tree finally went over. Shirley lost her balance and sat down beside it. Peer looked intrigued for a minute, and that was something. But he was so solemn

about it all. Shirley wondered whatever she could do to whip up some gaiety into the proceedings.

There didn't seem to be much material to work on, with the tree lying there looking reproachful and the sun blazing relentlessly down.

"You carry the top, dear," she said as brightly as her saturated state would allow. "and I'll take this end."

Silently they walked along. It was rather different. Shirley thought, to the Currier and Ives print of "Bringing Home the Christmas Tree" that hung over Dad's desk.

Peer might have been at a funeral, and Shirley suddenly felt that if he were her own child she might have slapped him. She really might. Not that he was being naughty, but she was so hot and he didn't have to look so—so unapproachable.

She laughed a little apologetically. "Of course it's more fun to carry the tree home through snow, but—" she looked up from under her floppy hat at the blantly blue, clear sky. "I don't think it's going to snow, so we'll just have to pretend."

She broke into "Jingle Bells" for background effect.

"In a one-horse open sleigh," she finished.

Peer didn't know the song, so he couldn't join in, and Shirley had the impression he thought she was being pretty silly.

"I'll teach you a carol to sing for Daddy," she said, in another bid for gaiety. "Wouldn't you like to sing 'Good King Wenceslas'?"

"No."

"Oh, Peer . . ." She started to expostulate with him, but stopped herself. They trudged back to the house, and she sank down on the edge of the low verandah.

But only for a minute. The tree must be put in water.

"Sit here in the shade, Peer," she said. "I'm going to get some water for the tree."

In the kitchen she half-filled a pail at the sink, then carried it through the house. The wattle looked as if it were past caring, but she plunged it into the water.

"Do you want to help me carry it into the living-room, Peer?"

He looked at her in that reflective way Colin did sometimes. Obviously he considered it a very peculiar thing indeed to take a tree indoors, but he didn't say anything, just put his small fingers over the handle of the pail and heaved.

Inside the living-room, she put the pail down and looked around.

"The tree will have to go in the corner. The only other place is on the hearth and that has to be left free for Santa Claus to come down the chimney."

Turning to the child, she added, "Santa Claus is coming, you know, with toys for Peer."

She winced at the archness in her voice.

Peer, quite unimpressed, jiggled the handle of the pail, then bent over to settle some obscure point about it till he stood just about on his head.

Shirley looked down at her upturned stepson. Plainly there was no hope of working up excitement in advance. All she could do was go on with the preparation and hope for a miracle. She lifted the pail and placed the wattle between the two windows.

"It'll freshen up," she said hopefully. "Anyway, it'll be prettier when it's trimmed. Bring me a sheet from the clean linen shelf, Peer. Spread out, it will be the snow under the tree. After all," she said vivaciously, "there has to be snow under the tree."

"Why?"

Shirley glanced at him. "Peer!" she exploded. "I can't do Christmas all by myself! You have to co-operate."

He fiddled with one of the drooping boughs. "Can we kill the chook now?"

"No, we can't," she snapped. Peer stared at her a moment, then he turned and walked out. Shirley looked despairingly after him.

Everything was so still and quiet and hot. And futile. There was no air in the small living-room and she felt as depressed as the Christmas tree looked.

But however miserable she felt, she mustn't let Peer go off like that.

She ran through the house looking for him. He didn't seem to be anywhere. Then, from the kitchen, she saw him tramping along beside the vegetable garden towards the paddock where his pony was.

She had thrown her hat on the kitchen table when she got the pail of water, and now she snatched it. She wanted to treat after Peer, but managed to make herself just walk.

"Where are you going?" she called.

He gave one look back at her, then trudged on without a word.

"It's too hot for you in the paddock, Peer. Come back and Mummy will give you some milk and cookies. Some of the chocolate ones, shaped like stars. Six cookies, because it's Christmas Eve."

He loved cookies and hesitated a moment. Then went right on. Obviously he wanted nothing to do with her.

Shirley stood still in the piercing sunlight and watched his small figure about to disappear behind the woolshed. She could think of only one thing that held out any promise of getting him to come back.

"Peer!" she called. "I'm going to the fowl yard now."

He stopped, but didn't start back.

Inspiration struck her then. "You don't have to go with me," she said casually, and turned to go for the axe.

To see if she was being followed became irresistible after a moment, and, sure enough, there was Peer paddling after her.

When she closed the fowl yard gate behind him and herself, most of the hens were sitting in what shade they could find, their beaks a little open in the unstirring air and their wings lifted slightly away from their bodies.

Telling Peer to wait by the

Dancing tonight?

Mind if we speak frankly and to the point? No matter how carefully you bathe or shower beforehand, that alone will not ensure dainty freshness.

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Continuing A Son for Shirley

from page 30

gate, she gave the sing-song chant she had heard Rusty give. "Cho-o-k chook chook!"

The hens apparently saw she had no food and were in no mood to be social. But one finally stood up and stepped desultorily forward.

Shirley held out her hand to it. She snapped her fingers as she might to a pet dog, then, as it indifferently slanted off in another direction, she rather embarrassedly withdrew her hand and walked after the fowl.

It picked up speed and so did she, but it slid neatly under a coop where she couldn't follow.

She turned back. It was probably too old anyway. Though goodness knows she'd settle for anything.

Uneasiness became evident in the spectators' section. Closing their beaks and drawing in their wings, one by one they got guardedly to their feet.

Shirley's eyes settled on a little hen. It wasn't big enough to be old. Also, it looked rather kind. Maybe it would take pity on her.

She stalked it gingerly, but it got the idea and retreated. She made a pounce at it, but it didn't stay where she pounced at, and now things were in an uproar. Such clucking and protests and scurrying about she had never encountered. She was glad to get back near the gate and Peer.

Her thin dress was sogged with perspiration and she ran her hand over her forehead, so the rivulets wouldn't go in her eyes.

Just then the little speckled hen ran in front of her.

Shirley wanted this over, and quickly.

She took a running dive, while her target confusingly rose in the air with a great fluttering and to-do and, of course, got away.

Scrambling up, Shirley saw Peer shooting the thing into a corner.

Fascinated, she watched. Peer moved closer and closer. Then grabbed it. Just like that. Put his arms down and fearlessly grabbed the hen tightly around its wings and body.

Shirley had left the axe outside the gate, and, as she stooped for it, realisation of what she was about to do suddenly swept over her.

To kill something in cold blood like that was horrible. She lagged behind Peer as he walked over to the chopping block. If only the chicken would get away!

She was actually shaking by the time she reached the block.

Peer stood there, perfectly matter-of-fact. He must have watched Rusty often, for his small hands had quite expertly taken hold of the fowl's legs and the creature hung down, exhausted, its neck and head resting on the ground.

Shirley couldn't help thinking the hen looked exactly like old Cousin Tess when she'd dropped a stitch in her knitting.

She swallowed hard. She must be strong.

But supposing, when she shut her eyes and blindly brought the axe down—oh, supposing she chopped the head only half off! She glanced at Peer. He was looking worriedly at her.

It wasn't fair to expose the child to this hesitation. She moistened her lips, and, motioning him to get ready, she lifted the axe.

She didn't mean to look at Cousin Tess, held upside down by her heels, but inadvertently she did—just at the moment when the lid came weakly down over the one visible eye.

That was the moment to strike. But Shirley couldn't do it. She simply couldn't do it.

Feeling sick, she let the axe slip out of her hand, and with it went the frayed ends of her self-esteem.

There was apparently nothing she could do properly.

Too ashamed to look at Peer, she knew vaguely that Cousin Tess was hanging down by his side again.

Shirley tried for a moment to control the tears that started streaming down her face, then, sinking on to the vacated block, she put her hands over her face and just cried and cried.

Colin would have done better never to have sent for her.

It would have been still better if they had never met that time he passed through New York on his way home from the war. Then, when Marion died, he could have married a nice bush girl who could kill chickens and maybe get within hailing distance of his son.

Reaching for her handkerchief, Shirley remembered the day she had said goodbye to Colin. He was married, and that was that. She had thought she was heartbroken then, but this—this was what desolation really was.

This abject failure. And at Christmas! With Colin coming home full of anticipation!

Through her sobs she heard squawks and a great flutter of wings, and realised Peer had let the little speckled hen go.

He would go, too, of course, and then the devastation would be complete.

It was suddenly too bad to cry over, and she looked up.

Peer was standing there, quite close, and looking at her anxiously.

"We can have dinner without the chook, Mummy," he said.

"W-without the chook?" she said foolishly, in her surprise at his comforting her.

"We could have cookies," Peer insisted soberly.

Shirley gave a final sob, used her handkerchief again, then put the wet ball in her pocket. "No, Peer. Daddy'll kill the chicken." She stood up. "Let's—let's go back to the house."

Almost without thinking, she held out her hand to him.

He took it and they started walking back.

"I do like those cookies," he said.

"Do you, dear?" Shirley said gratefully. "Well, you can have some now. And some milk."

After a minute, "Peer" she consulted him gravely. "I wish we could think of something to do tomorrow that Daddy would specially like. Can you think of anything?"

Peer kicked a stone, hopping on one foot, his hand still in hers.

"He likes picnics," he said. A picnic! On Christmas Day?

Shirley looked around. The heat didn't seem so bad somehow. The stillness everywhere was rather gentle and peaceful.

After all, why shouldn't they go for a picnic tomorrow?

She had a can of tongue. Then Colin wouldn't have to wrestle with the chicken tonight. And they could take the Christmas cake and the star cookies Peer liked, and some of the Christmas candy. Up by the shady waterhole in Baan Baa Gully it would be cool and wonderful. It really would.

Peer would have his new saddle and the three of them could ride over. Early, before the sun got too high.

Shirley looked down at the old straw hat under which her stepson navigated.

"You were very clever, Peer," she said, "to think of that."

The hat tilted sideways to show the tanned face beneath it.

"What does clever mean, Mummy?"

She smiled. "It's what Daddy is, darling."

Peer considered that a moment, then he smiled, too—a cosy smile, companionable like Colin's.

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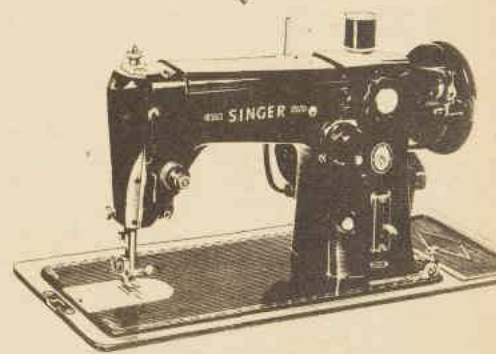
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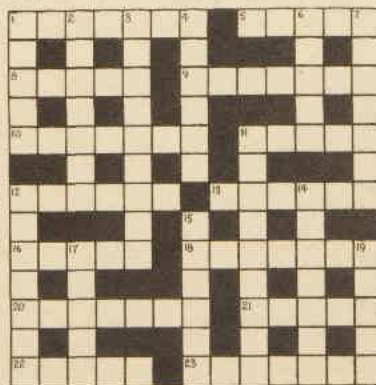
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. It can't be broken without a sound reason (7)
3. Ten dollars' worth of bird (5)
5. Talk from an out-and-out terrorist (5)
6. Intellectual development could produce a set of bacteria (7)
10. Makes semibre a chest in small rooms (7)
11. Ancient kingdom whose queen had a love affair with a proverbial king (5)
12. Part of the mouth which a friend consumed (6)
13. Agree as despatched (6)
16. Nothing can be lower (5)
18. On a ride. (Anagram) (7)
20. Surgeons do it, but the greater part of it is done by singers (7)
21. Compel or strike if you are a soldier (5)
22. Wanderer who is not insane (5)
23. Comes in multitudes (7)

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

PARENTHESIS
TORNADO OSCAR
OMNIBUS
BANDAGE
LULLABY
EMPIRE SMARTS
FACED
BARRAGE
ASCOT
ABRABAM
HILL
RENTS
ABIGAIL
MIDWINTER
SPENDTHRIFT

Solution to last week's crossword

1. The reason mentioned in 1 across (5)
2. All pate towards the side (7)
3. Worn star (ANAGRAM) (7)
4. Beer would be cheaper without it (6)
5. Clot of blood containing spirit (5)
6. Get lean and you may become graceful (7)
7. Little Susanna and our ambassador to America make a sock support (9)
8. Game but not as solid as bridge (7)
9. Agitation of mind constating mainly of a proposal (7)
10. An elegy the beginning of which is limping (6)
11. Practical people don't do it during the day (5)
12. Do it up for swank and down for scolding (5)

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Continuing . . .

Deadly Record

from page 9

her dance in public, she said, he must allow her to do so in private or she would die of sheer frustration. Dancing was her natural mode of expression, her art, her life.

Trevor saw the reasonableness of this plea. Since there was no suitable room in the house he converted the old coachhouse adjoining the garage, putting in a new floor, a radiogram, a stove, and a mirror that covered the whole of one wall. He gave her the key on her birthday, five months after their wedding.

From then on she seemed happier and more resigned to her new life. But her contentment was gained at Trevor's expense. Both he and the house were neglected while Jenny spent a great part of her time in the studio. Exactly what went on there he never quite knew, for he seldom entered it himself. He would not have been welcome. It was her private domain, her sanctuary.

Often he heard the blare of the radiogram late at night, the sound of other voices laughing and chatting, and the stamp of feet. He had a suspicion that the room was being used as a resort for Jenny's former associates. Colorful, slightly raffish characters from the borderland world of the Claring Cross Road and the smaller music halls. He never met them, for they came and went by the access door from the mews at the rear of the house.

Gradually he came to accept the fact that he and Jenny lived separate lives, between which the walls of the studio formed a barrier. He accepted it because it suited him. In the house Jenny was restless, untidy, resentful of the hours he spent at his typewriter. Left on his own Trevor could work uninterrupted and at peace.

Their mutual dissatisfaction was not constant. There were periods when they came together in a rebirth of their first wild happiness. She had a childish quality, a naive honesty which still touched him. It was at these times that he would say, her thin arms twisted about his neck, "You ought never to have married me. You know that, don't you?" And he would try to bluff his way out of direct rejoinder, telling her that he loved her, that if they had little else in common they had this, which was all that mattered.

Within a few hours they would be quarrelling again. She would be calling him dull, cold, selfish—threatening to leave him and go back to her old way of life.

Many times Trevor had been tempted to let her go, but he had fought down the impulse. Against his better judgement he clung to the hope of permanent reconciliation. When the film contract materialised he asked her to go with him, confident that this Hollywood trip, with its prospect of glamor and excitement, would make an instant appeal to her.

To his surprise and disappointment she refused, on the plea that a period of total separation would be wiser. He did not press it, for he was inclined to think she might be right. So he had gone without her, and now in the dimmed cabin of the airliner that was carrying him back to her he planned what he would say, what he would do.

The last image in his conscious mind before he dozed off to sleep was of Jenny's pointed face, the small pouting mouth, and the slanting amber-colored eyes which, with her straight black hair, gave her that odd look of an Oriental odalisque.

Soon after dawn Trevor was awakened by a touch on the shoulder and the profession-

ally friendly voice of the stewardess announcing that the plane would be landing in an hour's time and that coffee was about to be served.

Trevor grunted, stirred, blinked. He was aware, before opening his eyes, of a curious reluctance to rouse himself. It was a feeling that echoed from his boyhood, half memory, half foreboding, of something difficult to face in the day that lay ahead.

He threw off the foreboding and got to his feet, feeling the aftermath of a night in his clothes. The pressurised air in the cabin smelt stale and he was glad to escape from it by going into the toilet to freshen up and stretch his legs.

After a cup of good hot coffee and a cigarette he felt better and managed to exchange a few desultory remarks with the film actress, who had already repaired her make-up and looked, as he cynically observed to himself, as fresh as paint.

The sky was nacreous pink, deepening to vermilion in the east. The cloud carpet had vanished and London lay far below in a grey rash-like sprawl through which the river wound like a shining ribbon. The dome of St. Paul's caught a first thin gleam of sunlight. The Stratocruiser began to lose height till omnibuses could be picked out crawling along arterial highways like a procession of red beetles.

THE stewardess was calling, "Will you please fasten your safety belts?" Then they were over the airport, streaking down on to the runway, touching it with scarcely a jolt, taxiing, swivelling to a halt. The landing steps were lowered. Passengers trooped out into the early sunshine, the film star pausing to flash her famous smile at a battery of Press cameras.

Trevor Hamilton passed quickly through the Customs. He took a brief glance round the reception hall to see if by any chance Jenny had driven out to meet him, before recollecting that at this hour of the morning she would still be in bed and fast asleep. He caught the airport company's transport into town, went from there to Knightsbridge tube station, and changed to the Bakerloo line at Piccadilly.

At ten o'clock on a mid-April Sunday morning, an hour and a half after landing on the airfield, he walked into his house in St. John's Wood.

The first thing he saw was his cablegram lying unopened on the doormat, where it had fallen after being pushed through the letter slot. Evidently Jenny had been out yesterday when the messenger boy called. Strange that she had not seen it when she did come in, for she must have walked right over it.

Unless, perhaps, she had not come back last night. Not expecting him home so soon she might have gone away for the week-end. Or she might have gone to a party at Bobbie Hudson's and stayed there overnight. This would be nothing unusual. Bobbie's parties began late and often carried over till the next day.

He stood in the hall and listened. He heard none of the normal late-rising sounds of a Sunday morning, Jenny's light voice humming, and the slam of the refrigerator door in the kitchen. There would be no breakfast ready for him, so much was certain.

The morning milk waited on the doorstep beside the Sunday newspapers.

She must be away. He carried his suitcase up to their room and found, as he had expected, that the bed had not been slept in. All the same,

better make quite sure. There had been occasions, while she was in a sulky mood after a quarrel, when she had slept on the divan in the studio.

He went downstairs again, out through the glass door at the rear of the hall and down the short flight of steps into the garden. He noted, walking down the flagged path, that the Japanese cherry was in bud and clumps of early primulas were in flower on the rockery.

The studio, like the garage adjoining it, opened on to the mews, but both buildings had additional entrances at the back so that access could be had from the garden of the house. Both of these doors could be locked, but in fact seldom were. They were not so now.

Trevor went into the studio first. It was empty. It was also very cold, for the stove was out. On the divan lay some recent numbers of "The Stage." There was no sign that it had been lately used as a bed. Over the tall four-fold screen in the corner hung one of Jenny's practice dresses and a vivid magenta shawl.

It was the first time Trevor had set foot in here for as long as he could remember and his cursory glance prolonged itself into a detailed inspection. He walked around, picking up this and that. He lifted the lid of the radiogram. On the turntable was a record of the paso doble from "Rio Rita."

He was astonished to find the place so tidy. There was none of the litter and confusion Jenny was accustomed to leave in her wake. No doubt she behaved differently here because this was her own domain and she took some pride in it, even to the extent of cleaning it herself. She certainly took none in her house.

Marvelling at the oddities of women, Trevor walked over to the main door and tried it to make sure that it was properly locked. Once or twice when Jenny had carelessly left it open some of the mews children had broken in and done some pilfering. Then he went out by the rear door and looked into the garage. The car was not there.

He was fully confirmed now in his view that Jenny had gone away somewhere for the week-end. She would certainly not have taken the car to go to Bobbie Hudson's flat, which was in the big new block on the corner of the road, only about two hundred yards away.

Back in the house he picked up the Sunday papers and went into the kitchen to get himself something to eat. It was not until he was seated at the table with a plate of bacon and eggs in front of him and the "Observer" propped against the cruet that the thought came to him with dramatic suddenness—supposing she has gone for good?

She had so often threatened it. The orderly state of the studio, which she might have cleared and tidied before leaving it for the last time, could be a pointer in this direction. He faced upstairs again to the bedroom, only to discover that she seemed to have taken nothing but an overnight bag.

All her dresses and shoes, her bright scarves and sweaters, were in the closet—even the leopard skin coat he had given her, in a burst of extravagance after the royalty advance on his book, still hung in its usual place. He knew Jenny well enough to be sure that she would not have gone away for good and left that behind. The only items missing, so far as he could determine, were her green corduroy skirt, a camel coat, and walking shoes. These were what she would normally wear for a week-end in the country.

Reassured, he returned to his breakfast, and thereafter

To page 39

KEEPS HAIR SILKEN-SOFT & SHINING



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AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Fortunate number this week: 6. Best days are December 21 and 27. All pastel shades of blue enhanced with delicate pinks will help you to be popular.</p>	<p>★ You'll combine business with pleasure, probably making social contacts which will be valuable in connection with finances later on. Speculation fortunate.</p>	<p>★ You may see very little of your home during the next few days, for you are certain to be rushing off on business or social interests with hardly a minute to spare.</p>	<p>★ If you've announced your engagement, congratulations! If you've been separated by distance, reunions will be happy. If married, invitations to parties.</p>	<p>★ You may wonder if you can possibly cope with the number of social activities which confront you. Make a choice of those which appeal to you most.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week: 7. Best days for action are December 24 and 26. Wear polished, cottons which reflect the light in small patterns for happy outings.</p>	<p>★ Holiday plans, especially long or short journeys, may push your ordinary work right into the background. You will regard it as a necessary evil.</p>	<p>★ Plans which involve the boy or girl friend, the marriage partner, or the whole family may take you far afield. Home is likely to remain in the background.</p>	<p>★ Holiday ideas are certain to include trips to places new to you. Honeymoons are under the best starry influences. Others make sentimental pilgrimages.</p>	<p>★ Get right away from the ordinary routine, plan picnics, which save work, persuade others to join your group, engage in sports or any recreation out-of-doors.</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Fortunate number just now: 2. Best days are December 22 and 23. Pearls, shades of white, with a golden or greenish tinge, bring benefits from women.</p>	<p>★ There is a little windfall, a surprise packet, perhaps a bit of extra pay headed in your direction. Friendly feeling will be evident as far as associates are concerned.</p>	<p>★ You may be required, much against the grain, to star in, working solidly in order to complete the tasks you have set yourself, but you'll deliver the goods.</p>	<p>★ There is a tendency to go off on your own in order that you and your beloved can build dream castles. This will be understood by family and friends.</p>	<p>★ Disappointment in regard to some long-cherished plan need not spoil your pleasure. You can think up something even more satisfactory and be quite happy about it.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week: 4. Best days are December 24 and 25. Zig-zag patterns in gay, contrasting colors help to attract attention from the opposite sex.</p>	<p>★ Co-operation with those around you may shorten your tasks and lead to mutual satisfaction. There may be an exchange of services, in others' promotion.</p>	<p>★ Right in your element. You'll gather those around you that you like best, concentrating perhaps on family and relatives, dispensing hospitality in all directions.</p>	<p>★ Married subjects really have the best of things this week, with harmonious domestic relationships reaching an all-time high. Wedding bells may ring for others.</p>	<p>★ Social events are bound up just now with the opposite sex. If young, you'll be one of a team of friends. If older, you'll step out with the marriage partner.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week: 1. Important days are December 23 and 24. Daffodil and tangerine yellows, also golden ornaments, will be favorable to your plans.</p>	<p>★ Plenty of extra work that you didn't expect coming at a most inconvenient time. You'll have to plough through it, trying not to grumble over what can't be helped.</p>	<p>★ You are in danger of running yourself ragged, especially if you are a parent. Conserve your nervous energy as much as possible so you can enjoy good times.</p>	<p>★ Some undertaking which interests both you and the one you love is likely to be an important feature of this week, bringing pleasure to yourselves and others.</p>	<p>★ Office parties, staff festivities, a club do may boom largely on your social horizon. In any case, anywhere, you are likely to be the life of the party.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number at present: 5. Best days are December 23 and 25. Silvery greys with touches of green will keep you dashing from one party to another.</p>	<p>★ This week is going to be fun and even work will be tackled with energy and enthusiasm. An element of luck enters in, bringing unexpected profit, if you are shrewd.</p>	<p>★ If you're a teenager, you may be home only to sleep. If older, you will be preparing some special stunt, probably a party, and decorating the scene of festivities.</p>	<p>★ If you're a parent, the next few days will be marvellous. If young and single, still fancy free, you may be facing a budding romance or meeting an old flame.</p>	<p>★ Probably in conjunction with a friend or associate you may win in a speculative matter, such as a sweep or a raffle. Others will be in great demand socially.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number just now: 9. Best days are December 24 and 25. Strawberry or cherry shades and be admired as the perfect hostess when you receive your guests.</p>	<p>★ You are likely to go about your work in a quiet, inconspicuous way, with your mind probably centred on other issues. Beware of minor accidents, breakages, etc.</p>	<p>★ Many of you will feel a renewed tenderness for your home; it may not be all you could wish, but it is dear to you and you're thinking of giving it a present.</p>	<p>★ You may entertain the one-and-only in your home, introduce him or her to your family, and give the beloved a chance to show off talents, personality.</p>	<p>★ As host or hostess you're at the top of your form. As a guest, be considerate. Accept or decline invitations early and avoid upsetting arrangements.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week: 6. Best days are December 21 and 27. Wear all shades of blue, such as saxe, aqua, and navy, for enjoyable short journeys.</p>	<p>★ This is where you use your brains. Much depends on your judgment of people and situations. Be careful to keep your financial affairs to yourself. Avoid gossip.</p>	<p>★ Thoughts of a removal before long, or sub-letting, or temporary exchange of residence with someone may color your outlook. Plans may still be vague as yet.</p>	<p>★ Does something puzzle you about the one you love? Your mind may be exercised trying to discover the answer. It may be a little surprise or an idea not yet disclosed.</p>	<p>★ Your own neighborhood is worth cultivating, and many of you will become closer acquainted with those who live near. Informality is the keynote.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week: 8. Best days are December 23 and 28. The paler tints of rose, such as dusty pink, will give you confidence in your enterprises.</p>	<p>★ Listen intently for news if you are engaging in any speculative matter. People with inside information can be prevailed upon to let you in on the ground floor.</p>	<p>★ There is the strong likelihood that you will hold a family council to discuss ways and means to carry out some scheme. Decisions are important.</p>	<p>★ You may have to come down to earth and figure the financial side of affairs, since romance is inclined to be extravagant. Don't overwhelm him with gifts.</p>	<p>★ Those sporting instincts will be well in the foreground. If young, active indulgence in athletics, if older, spectator sports are sure to command your attention.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week: 2. Best days for action are December 23 and 26. Black and white, in combination, will make you stand out in the crowd.</p>	<p>★ Work is certain to be done according to your own ideas and methods; you will not compromise or cut corners; you spend extra time and energy on the job.</p>	<p>★ At present, the best side of your personality is being displayed at home, where the folks really appreciate what you do for them. Don't make a martyr of yourself.</p>	<p>★ A really happy period, when young subjects meet a new and glamorous personality, while older, married natives renew their romance and enjoy each other.</p>	<p>★ Your own personal affairs tend to be more important than mere social activity. With a big decision on your hands, you may grow impatient.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 18</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week: 7. Best days are December 22 and 24. All the hues of the rainbow, either singly or in combination, give good vibrations.</p>	<p>★ That pat on the back, that little bit of praise seem especially important just now. You'll be apt to seek applause more than money for what you have done.</p>	<p>★ Some of you may be feeling pushed aside, ignored in the general scramble, unhappy because you have too much to do. That's just a phase. Soak out of it.</p>	<p>★ Happy and contented, you may not feel the need to express your love which you take for granted, yet it is there in the background and colors your entire outlook.</p>	<p>★ The Lone Wolf in your make-up may become evident, and you are likely to surprise those who know you best, perhaps scrapping old interests in favor of new.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 19—MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week: 4. Best days are December 19 and 20. Violet tints, a spray of lilac, or violets, lavender accessories attract romance.</p>	<p>★ Some sporting proposition is likely to be connected with your occupation. You can be the winner and find great joy therein, or you may organize some contest.</p>	<p>★ Happiness in your activities, friendly gestures from old and new friends who contact you will brighten any drudgery which must be done at home.</p>	<p>★ A wonderful time for boy-and-girl romances, which, however, may not endure, unless you yourself make an effort to put them on the solid basis of mutual interests.</p>	<p>★ Friends all rally around and you will feel happy and popular. Radiating friendliness you will be apt to pass on sunshine to others less favored than yourself.</p>

NEW HAT

but it didn't help!

I SIMPLY CAN'T RESIST IT—AND THE COLOUR'S SO BECOMING!

THINKS: WITH THAT SALLOW, WASHED-OUT FACE!

BETTER LET ME WEAR IT, MUM.

DON'T YOU THINK THE STYLE'S A LITTLE YOUNG?

THAT'S THE STUFF THAT DOES THE DAMAGE, RUTH. DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME YOU SAW DOCTOR?

AT THE DOCTOR'S

MRS. ALLEN, THOSE HARSH LAXATIVES HAVE BEEN PULLING YOU DOWN WITHOUT REACHING THE CAUSE OF YOUR TROUBLE.

YOU NEED "BULK" IN YOUR DAILY DIET FOR REGULARITY. ALL-BRAN SUPPLIES THIS BULK AND, BEING A FOOD, GIVES YOU ENERGY—INSTEAD OF DRAINING IT AWAY, AS HARSH PURGATIVES DO.

LATER

YOU'D ALMOST PASS FOR SISTERS, NOW!

Enjoy this nut-sweet breakfast cereal and

BE REGULAR WITHIN TEN DAYS!

All-Bran—made by Kellogg's—restores regularity the natural way by supplying the essential bulk lacking in modern foods. Made from the outer layers of wheat rich in Vitamins, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron, it builds up energy instead of purging it away—as harsh laxatives do. Begin All-Bran now—be regular within ten days!

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. AB54-3

ACCEPT THIS FRIENDLY OFFER — COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Enjoy tasty, toasty All-Bran for ten days, sprinkled over your breakfast cereal or straight from the packet with stewed fruit, milk and sugar. Drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days, you are not completely satisfied, just send the empty packet to Kellogg's and you'll get double your money back.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

WITH PRUNES, RACI OR RICE FLAVOURING

NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Make Richer Ice Cream

—this quicker . . . easier way!



Always have Kraft Ice Cream Mix in your pantry, and you'll be able to give your family delicious, wholesome ice cream — *whenever* they want it! This way, each serve costs *less than half* the price of bought ice cream. Simply follow this quick, easy method for the smoothest, richest ice cream you ever tasted . . .



Sprinkle the contents of a 4-oz. tin of Kraft Ice Cream Mix on to water. Mix with fork or beater until blended.

Pour mixture into your ice tray — and freeze until set.

Beat until smooth and creamy and re-freeze.

From every 4oz. tin
6 Big Serves
of the most delicious Ice
Cream you ever tasted



KRAFT ICE CREAM MIX

CHOCOLATE • VANILLA • STRAWBERRY

P.S. VANILLA ALSO IN 12-OZ. FAMILY SIZE TIN

GARDENERS' GIFTS

● It is no problem shopping for Christmas gifts for your gardening friends. They prefer something for their garden to any other gift and you can shop for them at local nurseries.

A BIG choice of gardening gifts is available, ranging from pretty packets of seeds for a few pence to shrubs and potted hydrangeas in flower.

The gardener is one of the few people who enjoy gifts being duplicated. He is always delighted with a variety of garden tools, a dozen pot plants, and dozens of bulbs.

Somewhere in this list you should find suitable presents for your gardening friends.

SEEDS

Packets of seeds are always acceptable.

Make sure the seed is fresh — the sowing date is always stamped on the back of the packet — and choose species for immediate sowing.

If you buy flower seeds, select from lupins, snapdragons, stocks, Iceland poppies, primulas, pansies, wallflowers, or sweet peas.

Among the vegetables which are sown in January are French beans, broccoli, cabbage, carrots, cauliflowers, lettuce, silver beet, and sweet corn.

BULBS

Raid your own bulb store and choose some nice fat bulbs. Then wrap each one in festive paper and put them in a tall box, which can be covered with red paper painted with white lines in the form of bricks, so that the box looks like a chimney.

Any sort of bulbs are a treasure to a gardener, but daffodils, hyacinths, bluebells, and, for cold climates, tulips are a special treat.

POT PLANTS

Potted gloxinias should be ready to burst into flower. These make a very spectacular gift and a very popular one.

But anyone who has a garden will be able to make up a delightful gift by potting plants such as hydrangeas, ferns, succulents, or herbs.

A collection of the common herbs such as chives, mint, peppermint, sage, thyme, and marjoram will be welcomed by people with new gardens and flat dwellers alike.

Cymbidium growers can make an acceptable gift of an orchid plant. Even if the recipient is not an ardent orchid fan, he will enjoy a bit of experimenting.

SHRUBS

There is a huge variety of shrubs to choose from, but unless you know individual tastes and needs give an order to a nursery.

If you do know what shrub your gardener friend is longing for, go right ahead and buy it. You can decorate the pot with a cheerful red bow of greeting made of cellophane or ribbon.

GLOVES

It does not matter how many pairs of gardening gloves one owns, because hard



POTTED HYDRANGEAS make a splendid Christmas gift as they can be used as decoration indoors over the festive season and can then be planted in the garden to bloom again later.

HOSES

toil wears them out fairly quickly.

There are a number of different sorts to choose from, all having their particular purpose.

Stout leather gloves are best for pruning and when handling heavy digging tools. When choosing them see that the leather is good quality and the stitching well done.

Some gardeners think leather gloves a bit clumsy and prefer those made of rubber. Lined and unlined ones are available.

Unlined rubber gloves, though not very strong, are excellent for weeding, as the "feel" is not lost, but they are no use where sharp sticks or thorns are likely to occur.

Lined rubber gloves are made of a processed rubber which is much stronger than ordinary rubber. Some people prefer them to leather, though they are hotter.

STAKES

These make good presents for any gardener, but they are specially useful for anyone with a new garden.

They are needed for so many things — tomatoes, dahlias, chrysanthemums, delphiniums, and all sorts of shrubs.

Buy stakes six feet long so that they will fill any need, one inch by one inch in cross section. See that the wood is of good quality or they may split when they are hammered into the ground.

FLOWER POTS

The gardener who grows orchids or who has a hot or bush house is always glad of extra flower pots.

Best sizes are four to six inch, with a few eight or nine inch size for the orchid grower.

MANURE

Nearly every gardener, unless he lives on a farm, needs good quality sheep, cow, or fowl manure for the garden.

It should be bought from a reputable source. Otherwise it may be of poor quality or contain weed seeds.

Almost any garden could do with another hose because the saves carrying it around from tap to tap, and if two or three are available they can all be going at once.

Buy rubber or plastic hose. On the whole, half-inch hose is preferable to three-quarter inch, because it is lighter.

LAWN SPRINKLERS

Many types are available from small ground-level models to the elevated revolving arm types, ideal for big gardens.

GARDENING TOOLS

There is a wonderful collection of small forks and trowels available or there are forks, spades, and hoes in all shapes and sizes, and spray pumps.

A rake for lawn clippings is useful, as it is needed most of the year. Simple ones are made with cane prongs, longer-lived ones with steel.

There are all sorts of fancy contraptions for doing this job with less effort, but they are all much more expensive. A combination of broom and catcher, which is wheeled along, does remarkable work.

Edging shears, secateurs, or a pruning saw are always acceptable.

It is important that they are made from good quality steel or the blades will soon lose their edge.

Secateurs must be of solid construction. Light, flimsy ones are all right for cutting flowers, but useless for pruning tough branches. If used for this they soon become inefficient and make tearing or jagged cuts.

A garden spray is a good choice for people starting a garden, because while it is an essential piece of equipment, one is sufficient. Choose one which is not too heavy when fully loaded. Easy cleaning is also important.

Even a good homely watering-can is an excellent way of saying, "A Merry Christmas."

BALLERINA AS COMEDY STAR

"The Man Who Loved Redheads" (London Films), it is hoped, will establish ballerina Moira Shearer as a straight film actress.

The new film is a comedy in color based on Terence Rattigan's stage play "Who Is Sylvia?" which tells the story of a man's search for his ideal woman. Always at the back of his mind is the face of Sylvia, a 16-year-old redheaded girl whom, in his boyhood, he vowed to love forever.

Moira Shearer plays each of the four redheads, whom he meets through the years, who have the features of Sylvia. The man (played by John Justin) eventually abandons the quest.



SYLVIA (Moira Shearer), aged 16, surprises young Mark (Jeremy Spencer) during a game of hide and seek at his birthday party in 1910.

BELOW: Mark, now grown-up (John Justin), at left, introduces Daphne (Moira Shearer) to Oscar (Ronald Culver) in a 1917 night-club.



LEFT: Caroline (Gladys Cooper), at left, Mark's wife, chats to Colette (Moira Shearer) and Chloe (Jean Benham), while mature Mark (John Justin) and his friend Oscar (Ronald Culver) watch, dismayed to find that Caroline knows the two young ladies with whom they planned to spend the evening. This is a 1954 film sequence.

RIGHT: Olga (Moira Shearer), centre, dances the Charleston to entertain guests at a 1929 evening garden party given to celebrate her success at the ballet. Her four-character role in "The Man Who Loved Redheads" is largely acting, but it also gives the lovely star a chance to show her dancing ability.



MOIRA SHEARER, prima ballerina and former star of the Sadler's Wells Company, in a heavily embroidered ballet tutu designed for her by London Saintthill to wear in the new film.





SWISS 17-JEWELLED MASTERPIECES SINCE 1852



The new Lavina Watches typify the fashionable trend towards smaller, daintier watches for ladies and larger for men. The watchmaker's art can produce none lovelier, none more reliable than Lavina Watches—famous for over 100 years. Ladies', from £14 15, bands extra; Gent's, from £13 15.

LAVINA

The Choice of Millions

**you get down
to bedrock cost!**



FREE

Write to—
Wunderlich
Limited, Baptist
Street, Redfern,
for a copy of
the Small Homes
Booklet.

READILY
AVAILABLE
FROM LOCAL
DISTRIBUTORS.

You save money when you build a "Durabestos" Asbestos Cement timber frame home—save by using "Durabestos" for exterior walls, interior walls and ceilings—save on foundation costs as well. "Durabestos" is adaptable to all design trends, easy to erect and paint, fire resistant and vermin proof—ideal for Australian homes.



**"Wunderlich
DURABESTOS"**
ASBESTOS-CEMENT BUILDING SHEETS



1. **SHOCKED** to discover his photograph on a "wanted for murder" placard, amnesia victim William Smith (Anthony Quinn), right, reports to Lyncastle police.



2. **DETECTIVES** Lindsay (James Millicent), left, and Tucker (Barry Kelley) tell Smith his name is Johnny McBride, and that he is an ex-teller involved in bank robbery and the killing of District Attorney Minnow.

Gangland thriller



"THE LONG WAIT" (United Artists) is based on a Mickey Spillane thriller. It is the story of an amnesia victim (Anthony Quinn) who voluntarily returns to his home town to face a murder charge. To clear himself he must identify his former girl-friend, of whom he has no recollection. All he knows is that she is a blonde.

Following numerous leads involves the young man in rugged action. Peggy Castle, Mary-Ellen Kay, Shawn Smith, and Dolores Donlan are also involved.



4. **BANK PRESIDENT** Gardiner (Charles Coburn) is helpful at first. Johnny, looking for a lead on Vera West, entertains several blond girls.

3. **SEARCH** for clues ends in shooting of hotel clerk, who tells Johnny to find Vera West.



5. **FOUR GIRLS**—any one of whom may be Vera—who go out with Johnny are roughly handled by gang boss Servo (Gene Evans), right. They are Venus, left, Wendy, Carol, and Troy.



6. **INVESTIGATING** a shot at the casino, Johnny finds Wendy, who declares she saw nobody. The trail leads him to Servo, who has attacked Venus, believing her to be Vera West.



7. **ABOVE.** Confronting Gardiner, Johnny reconstructs the crime. Gardiner is the killer. Servo and Detective Tucker are implicated.



8. **RIGHT.** Waiting in Johnny's hotel room, Wendy admits that she is his wife, Vera, and that she changed her appearance in order to help him.

It's been a long time since we've had a film at, for pure swank and splendour, can touch this modern comedy-drama, *Woman's World*.

From Kansas City comes family-man Cornel Wilde and his folksy little wife, June Allyson.

Fred MacMurray—a compulsive caterer with a troublesome ulcer—brings his estranged wife (played by Lauren Bacall, complete with some witty dialogue and a ravishing wardrobe).

Van Heflin, an independent Texan, is accompanied by his worldly spouse, Arlene Dahl. As in that earlier film, "Executive Suite," the suspense point of the story is—who will get the big job?

One of the film's funniest scenes is set in a downtown New York bargain centre

Talking of Films

and one of the three men will get it. Their wives must also measure up to certain standards.

where ladies in undergarments battle with each other to secure original, marked-down model frocks from clothes racks.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

★ *Ma and Pa Kettle at Waikiki*

THOSE people who dote on the doings of Ma and Pa Kettle will see the venerable couple trotting out all their staple tricks of slapstick in this latest film in Universal's series.

As indicated by the film title, they have now transferred their field of activity to Honolulu.

The Kettles' trip to the South Seas is arranged in the belief that Pa is an eccentric wizard of big business who will reorganise a shaky pineapple-canning company.

While Ma (Marjorie Main) bellows her way through some not very funny encounters with local high society and proceeds to reduce a band of island gangsters to shreds and tatters, Pa (Percy Kilbride), with his dead-pan face and outlandish dignity, maintains his customary calm.

However, in spite of the combined efforts of these two seasoned old campaigners, by and large "Waikiki" is run-of-the-mill farce.

Newcomer Byron Palmer has little to do but dance attendance on Lori Nelson's pretty Rosie Kettle.

In Sydney—Victory.

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OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★★ Average
- No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

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News from studios

LUDMILLA TCHERINA, the lovely dark ballerina who turned film star, is coming back to Britain from Hollywood for her next picture. It is to be a screen operetta. The title is "Oh, Rosalinda," a modern version of "Die Fledermaus," and will be adapted for the screen with their characteristic lavishness by Powell and Pressburger. These two gave us "Red Shoes," and first starred Ludmilla in "Tales of Hoffmann."

NOW Doris Day is talking about retiring from movies unless she "finds real good scripts." Doris is currently working in the Metro movie "Love Me or Leave Me," which, of course, she rates

"real good." Just how serious she is about this matter is anybody's guess. Perhaps she's waiting to see how long Betty Hutton can stay retired.

ORSON WELLES has just signed up with ace director John Huston for the shortest acting role of his career. Orson is to play a New Bedford preacher in the mammoth production of "Moby Dick," which is still rolling before the cameras at Eelree.

NEWLYWEDS Pier Angeli and Vic Damone decided against buying the home formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Marilyn DiMaggio. Instead they've rented the home of film producer Robert

Arthur. It's an ultra-modern abode perched atop one of Hollywood's highest hills.

DISTINGUISHED movie maker Sir Alexander Korda firmly believes that putting all one's eggs in one film basket produces results. For his first CinemaScope venture, "The Deep Blue Sea," Korda lined up a topflight cast headed by Vivien Leigh, Michael Redgrave, Kenneth More, and Eric Portman.

WHEN Gregory Peck opens in the West End presentation of "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial," his co-star will be Lloyd Nolan. Peck, who has been unable to go through with the play due to delayed work in the film "Moby Dick," will play Lieut.

ESTHER WILLIAMS and her husband, Ben Gage (at right), pictured in Hollywood recently. With them are old-time actress Virginia Bruce, a noted beauty in her day, and her husband.

Greenwald, the lawyer, with Nolan re-creating his Broadway characterisation of Commander Queeg. A measure of the interest in Peck's appearance is in ticket sell-outs for the run of the play.

BLOND Eva Marie Saint, the fragile-looking girl who plays Marlon Brando's girl-friend in "On the Waterfront," has been named "best television actress of 1954." Eva Marie turned down many movie offers in favor of continued appearances on television.



IN THE RESERVATION. Donna Reed in square regalia and Charlton Heston try their hands at sign language under the tutelage of an Indian child while on location.



take
'ASPRO'
and
take it easy!

A DAILY
THOUGHT:
'ASPRO' WITH A
CUP OF TEA

NEW FACTS

LEARNED ABOUT 'ASPRO' AND TODAY'S STRAIN

'ASPRO' is more than you think it is—much more—and it has taken the stress and strain of today's living conditions to bring out the fact.

Since publication, recently, of an article on the subject of obtaining relief from today's tension troubles, many have written in to say how valuable they are finding 'ASPRO' as a daily standby when a little soothing is called for.

'ASPRO', of course, is primarily a quick pain and headache reliever and 'flu treatment, for which it has the biggest demand in the world. But people who had used 'ASPRO' only occasionally—for more serious pains or 'flu—have now become aware of its soothing properties for these 'modern' troubles, not

purely headaches but the many contributing causes of them.

There is abundant evidence to support the findings of these people.

'ASPRO' gives a 'sympathetic' type of relief—a relief that works with Nature, not against her. It acts in a soothing, calming kind of way, assisting one back to serenity and a sense of well-being without 'after-effects'.

'ASPRO' is not habit-forming and does not create a craving. It can therefore be taken frequently without any tendency to addiction which many apparently harmless preparations can cause.

The system does not become accustomed to 'ASPRO' with frequent use—its action is thus always at maximum effectiveness.

A9/5A

'ASPRO' — SO KIND TO THE NERVES

LAST MINUTE XMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS



Solve those last minute gift problems with a present everyone will appreciate. Everyone knows and loves a Johnson's Product... they are so nice to give... so lovely to receive. You can ring so many surprises with these super quality products that we're going to suggest some ways and means of capping those last minute gift problems.

The Secret
= of a Holiday
= Glamour Tan



Here's the perfect surprise for everyone. Johnson's Suntan Oil is so completely new, so wonderfully different for sunbathers. It gives the richest, safest tan under the sun. No burning or blistering, because Johnson's Suntan Oil stops the sun's hot burning rays from reaching your skin. What a perfect gift for those who love the beach and sun. With a little festive wrapping you'll have the most practical, gayest gift of all. And it costs only 3/11 everywhere.



There's many a
Slip!

Nothing could be truer when it comes to those unexpected, little accidents that happen every holiday. Blisters... cuts... scratches. A most practical gift is always Band-Aid Adhesive Bandages and a most thoughtful one, too. Slip a packet into the children's stockings—you'll find they'll need them to cope with minor injuries over the holidays and, of course, they'll save you endless time and trouble, too.

All dressed up
and somewhere
to go!



Johnson's Baby Powder in a gift Xmas Pack! What could be better to portray the spirit of Xmas. Everywhere you'll find this host of all powders in the gayest of Xmas packing — to bring joy to young and old... The special Xmas pack saves you time and money, because there is no need for festive wrapping — it's already just to go. This year, Johnson's have really thought of everything.

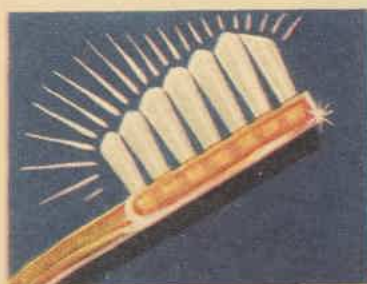
Happy Holidays Ahead!



"Best for Baby"
Best for You

Your holiday dreams are about to come true. Soon you'll be surfing, hiking, picnicking—enjoying yourself in so many ways — just as you've planned to do over the holidays. Be sure wherever you go Johnson's Baby Powder goes too, to bring you the coolest, freshest holiday skin comfort. Remember, Johnson's Baby Powder after every bath or shower and you can forget the problems of personal freshness, because Johnson's Baby Powder ensures it all day and all evening. It's "Best for Baby — Best for You!"

You'll go carefree and gay with these Johnson's Products!



New Tek

Take a new Tek with you and you'll be sure you've got the whitest, brightest smile of all. New Tek is the only toothbrush with sparkling Teklon super nylon to clean your teeth better... last you longer.



**BAND-AID
ADHESIVE BANDAGES**

Holiday time is accident time! Be sure you have some Band-Aid Adhesive Bandages for those simple cuts, scratches and abrasions. Flesh-coloured — waterproof... they blend with the skin... cover up nasty skin blemishes. Elastic for those who prefer it.



**JOHNSON'S NEW
SUNTAN OIL**

Glamour tan with Johnson's new Suntan Oil. It's so easy to get a deep, rich tan without painful sunburn. Johnson's Suntan Oil tans faster without burn — lets you laze in the sun with safety.

Continuing . . . Deadly Record

from page 32

turn. "I'd no idea you was home."

"Good morning, Mrs. Mac," he smiled. "I got back yesterday morning. The job took less time than I reckoned, so I hopped a plane, as they say in the U.S.A., and here I am."

"Quite the Yankee now, aren't we? Did you have a good time?"

"Very nice. Hollywood is quite a place. But I'm glad to be home."

"I'm glad to see you, sir, I'm sure. And Mrs. Hamilton'll be pleased, too."

"Have you any idea where she is?" Trevor asked as he followed Mrs. Macgillivray into the kitchen and watched her take off her hat and coat.

"Lor', no, sir. D'you mean she's not here? Not in the house?"

"I think she must have gone away for the week-end. She's taken the car. She wasn't expecting me, you see."

"Well, I never. So you're all on your own, then. What a shame!"

"Oh, I managed all right. Don't worry about that. I just wondered if you knew when Mrs. Hamilton would be back."

"I've no idea, sir. She never said nothing to me about going away when I saw her Saturday morning."

"Perhaps it was one of those sudden decisions. Well, never mind, she'll be back some time this morning, I've no doubt."

"Have you had your breakfast?"

"Not yet."

"I'll get you something. Will you have it here or in your den?"

"Wherever you like. I don't want to hold you up. I expect you've got plenty to do."

"Well, seeing it's my day for the silver and I'll need the kitchen table."

"Just as you like, Mrs. Mac. I'll have it upstairs."

Trevor went up to his den, as Mrs. Mac obstinately referred to it, where he breakfasted and cleared up the litter left from his session of the day before. He decided that during the course of the morn-

ing he would go down to Fleet Street to see his agent and talk over the Hollywood trip. He waited until Mrs. Macgillivray was ready to leave so that he could pay her the arrears of wages he felt sure were due to her. Jenny was incurably careless about money matters.

He went to the front door with her, chatting amiably about Bette Davis and Jane Russell, and other film stars he had glimpsed from a distance, and watched her waddle down the road in the familiar check coat and shapeless hat she had worn ever since he engaged her. Then he closed the ground-floor windows, switched off the electric radiator in the passage and went to the hall cupboard to fetch his own coat and hat.

It was then that the doorbell rang. Trevor frowned. Probably some tradesman calling for an overdue account. He opened the door and found a large, red-faced policeman standing in the porch. He felt slightly disconcerted, and said uncertainly, "Good morning."

"Good morning, sir. Are you Mr. Hamilton?" Mr. Trevor Hamilton?

"Yes."

"Might I come in? There's a little matter I'd like to discuss with you."

"By all means."

Trevor led the way into the hall and waited politely while the man fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a leather-bound notebook which he studiously consulted.

"Are you the owner of a black saloon car, Number DLR 680?"

"Yes, I am. Why do you want to know?"

"Were you using it on Saturday, sir?"

"No. As a matter of fact, I haven't used it for a couple of months. I've been in America, and I've only just got back."

"Have you any idea who

could have been using it?"

"I expect it was my wife. She went away in it for the week-end. Don't tell me there's been an accident."

"I'm afraid there has, sir. A minor one—nothing alarming. No casualties."

"Thank goodness for that. What happened?"

"We've had a report from the Berkshire police that a car with your licence number was involved in a slight accident on the outskirts of Wallingford. A bakery van was pulling out of a side turning when your car came along at a high speed. The van swerved and braked hard but your car couldn't quite avoid a collision. The side of the van got severely scraped and the right wing was buckled. The car did not stop but went on in the direction of Wallingford. The driver of the van was able to take its number and this number has now been traced to you."

"When did this happen?"

"About four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, sir."

"I see. Well, I'm sorry, but there's very little I can tell you. I was in New York at that time. I took the night plane from there, and arrived at Heathrow early yesterday morning. I suppose there's no doubt that it was my car?"

"Well, sir, the van driver might have been mistaken. It's not easy to take the number of a vehicle going at speed."

"I really can't believe," Trevor said, "that my wife could have been involved in an accident and failed to stop. It's quite unlike her to do such a thing. She's a good driver."

He lied on a protective impulse, knowing perfectly well that such behavior would be typical of Jenny. She was not a good driver, but a very bad one, erratic, always taking risks and liable to panic. The police constable replaced the notebook in his breast pocket.

"May I have a word with your wife, sir?"

"No, I'm afraid you can't. She isn't here."

"May I see your car then?"

"That isn't here either."

back yet?"

"That's right."

"Well, sir, I've got to make my report. I shall have to ask you to let me look in your garage."

"Why can't you take my word for it, officer? The car is not here. If it were, my wife would be here, too, and she isn't. And now, if you don't mind—"

"If you don't mind, sir, I think I'll just take a look all the same."

"Oh, very well," Trevor said patiently.

He took the man out across the garden to the narrow door in the red-brick rear of the garage. He flung it open and said, without looking inside: "There you are. See for yourself."

"Thank you, sir. May I ask whose car this is?"

Trevor gaped in astonishment. Before him stood the car, travel-stained and dusty. The left side panel showed a livid scratch in the cellulose, the running-board below it was twisted and torn loose from the chassis.

The policeman walked slowly round. He examined the number plate and the marks of damage. He looked at Trevor. He got out his notebook again and said in a tone that was perceptibly colder: "Now, sir, I think I'd better have a word with your wife."

Trevor flushed. He was both puzzled and angry. He could not imagine how or why this trick should have been played on him, but whoever was responsible for it had made him look a liar and a fool. He said curtly, "I've already told you that my wife is not here."

"You told me that the car wasn't here either. But it is. Who could have brought it back if your wife didn't?"

"I don't know. I can't explain it. It was certainly not back yesterday morning. I had a good look round the place shortly after I got home from the airport."

"You didn't hear it return?"

"No. It may have come back at any hour of the night when I was in bed and asleep. But in any case, even if I'd been up

have heard it. As you can see, the garage is some way from the house."

There was a short pause. The man stood stolidly beside the car staring at Trevor. Trevor stared back.

"Mr. Hamilton, where is your wife?"

"I don't know. I have no idea where she is, or when she will be back. I only know that she is not at home now. Hang it all, man, if she were, do you think I wouldn't know? The house isn't so big. Nor is my wife given to playing games of hide and seek. I don't think there is any more to be said. When she does return I'll see that you are informed."

"If you'll excuse me, sir, I should like permission to look in the house before I go. I have to satisfy myself that you are speaking the truth."

"Is there any plausible reason why I should not be speaking the truth? I'm as anxious as you are to get this matter put right. The last thing I'd attempt to do is to cover up for my wife. If she has been the cause of an accident, neither she nor I would wish to evade the consequences. But as I keep on telling you—and it's getting rather monotonous—you cannot see her or question her if she's not here. You'll simply have to wait till she comes home."

"Very good, sir. If that's your attitude I'll have to report back to my superiors. A summons will probably be served on your wife for failing to stop after the road accident, and for exceeding the speed limit in a built-up area."

"I realise that," Trevor said shortly. "We'll deal with it when the time comes."

He walked out of the garage in the constable's wake and closed the door behind him. He had expected the man to continue up the garden and now saw, to his irritation, that he had halted and was gazing at the studio door.

"Do you employ a chauffeur, Mr. Hamilton?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"I see there's another building here. I was wondering if

To page 43



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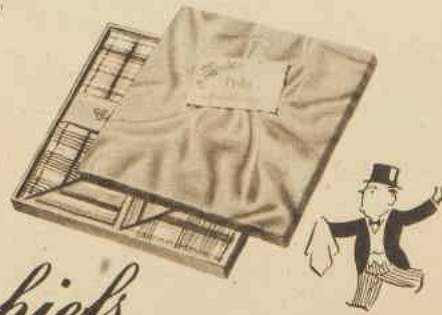
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BEAUTIFUL DESIGN makes Plan No. 8 in our Homes Service (above) a graceful and dignified home. The exterior is of redwood siding, or weatherboard, and stonework, giving a pleasant country look to the building. This house is in New Jersey, U.S.A.

Plans of this home cost only £1/1/-

PLAN No. 8 This attractive house represents the best in modern planning, and was selected by experts on the staff of "Good Housekeeping" magazine as a contemporary classic in domestic architecture in America. It is No. 8 in our Homes Service, which supplies building plans and specifications at the low cost of £1/1/-.

This service is made possible through the co-operation of "Good Housekeeping," which made available to us exclusively the Australian rights of these splendid home plans.

The front entrance and exterior of the house are seen above, and although it has an unusual shape it is individual without being bizarre. Placed, too, at an unusual angle on the land, it takes full advantage of breezes and sunshine.

The floor plan and the exterior of the living and dining room on the side away from the street are shown overleaf.



SKETCH showing the entrance porch sheltered by a distinctive roof arrangement, which is supported by two metal rods set in a V shape. Stonework for the garden beds and shrubbery is part of the basic architectural design adding to the charm of the plan.

Plans with care

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December 22, 1954

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Here is the floor plan and a view of the exterior of the living-room of Plan No. 8 in our Homes Service, shown on the preceding page.

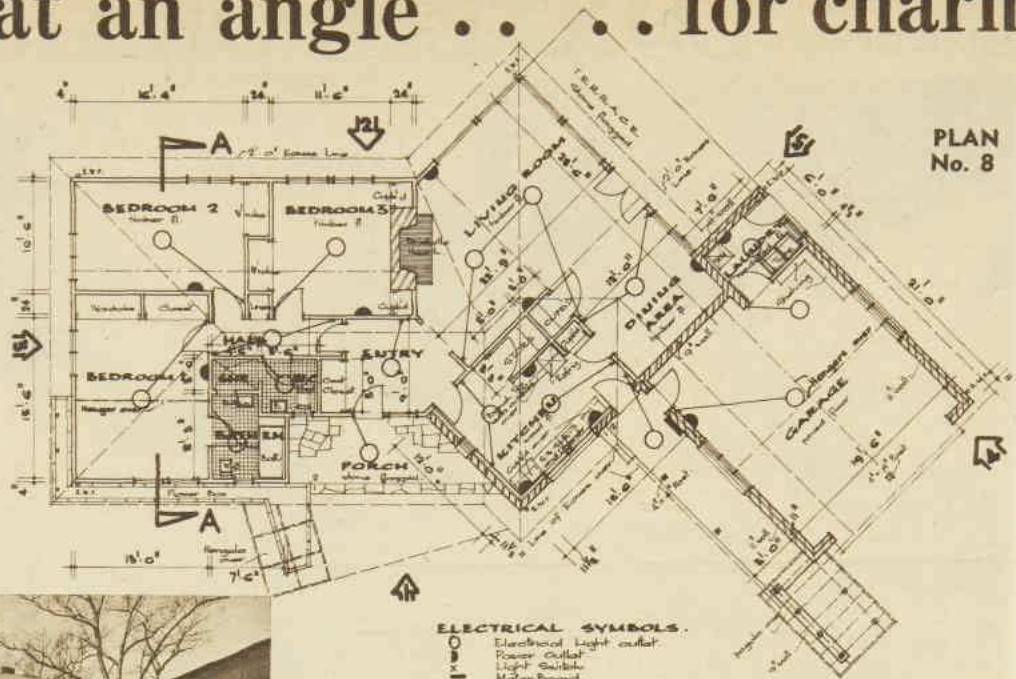
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SCREENED FROM THE STREET, long living-room windows look over the terrace.



Our Mitchell Will Quest

INTENDING candidates in our Peter Mitchell Will Quest should send their application forms without delay.

Application forms and examination papers, which are sent to intending candidates after they have filled in the form published in each of our four previous issues, must be completed and returned to us by January 1, 1955.

After the closing date, women candidates' completed

examination papers will be marked by professional examiners. From the results we will choose a number of girls for interviews and further examinations by committees of experts.

Extracts from the will explaining the qualifications necessary to win prizes were published in The Australian Women's Weekly on November 17.

Widespread interest has been aroused by our unique quest to find the 15 unmarried Aus-

tralian women under the age of 30 who will be the first beneficiaries under the terms of the Peter Mitchell Trust. Prizes will be awarded in April, 1955.

The prize list is:
FIRST PRIZE,
£512/16/8.
SECOND PRIZE,
£256/8/5.
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£128/4/3.
TWELVE PRIZES
of £64/2/- each.

"... but what
caused it,
Doctor?"

"In all probability, flies: disease carrying flies. You evidently neglected to spray as soon as the flies appeared."



You'd be startled if you knew how much sickness and disease is carried by flies. Flies are filthy with germs. You never know where a fly has been before it enters your home and soils a cooking utensil or one of your baby's toys. You never know what bacteria it deposits, until—almost unaccountably—someone in your home falls ill.

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might be accommodation for chauffeur."

"It used to be a coachhouse."

"Is now my wife's studio?"

"She is a painter?"

"No. A dancer."

"Is it possible that she might have driven home at a late hour and spent the night in there so as not to disturb you?"

"Well, yes. I suppose it is possible."

"Is there a bed there?"

"There's a divan, yes. But I didn't sleep on it. I know, because I looked. She was not expecting me, you see, so naturally the first thing I did when I got home was to—"

The policeman did not wait for him to finish. He put his hand on the door and pushed. It swung gently open. In the cold north light from the skylight the details of the interior were starkly illuminated.

They differed only in one respect from Trevor's inspection of the previous day. A woman in a white sweater and green cardigan skirt lay face down on the black linoleum in the centre of the floor. Protruding from her back, under the left shoulderblade, was the gleaming metal hilt of a knife.

In the horror of that moment the whole scene spun round before Trevor's eyes. He cried out and started forward, only to be restrained by the arm of the constable. He tried to force the arm away, but it was as hard as a haul of timber.

He swore, "Get out of my way!"

"I must ask you not to touch anything."

"But it's my wife. Don't you see? It's Jenny, my wife. Let me go to her."

"I'm sorry, sir. Nothing whatever must be moved," the man said inflexibly. He lowered his arm and allowed Trevor to enter the room behind him. They stood together, looking down at the sprawled body.

It looked pitifully small and childlike. The thin arms and legs were at all angles like those of a fallen colt. The head was twisted sideways so that the open eyes showed in a blind, glassy stare.

"She's—dead," Trevor whispered.

The policeman stooped.

Continuing . . .

Deadly Record

from page 39

Without altering its position he felt for a pulse in one of the outflung wrists. There was none. The flesh was icy cold. He rose again and said quietly, "She's been dead for some time, sir. I shall have to report this at once. You'd better let me have the key to this room."

"I beg your pardon—what did you say?"

"I asked you for the key to this room."

Clumsily Trevor fumbled in his pocket and drew out a bunch of keys. His hand shook so much as he handed them over that they jangled like a tambourine. In silence the constable took his arm and led him outside while he closed and locked the door. In silence they returned to the house.

"The telephone is in the hall," Trevor muttered. "If you want me I shall be in my study on the first floor."

"I'm afraid I have to ask you not to leave the house, sir."

"Don't worry. I've no intention of doing so."

Trevor sank into the wing chair in his small, comfortable room. But he saw none of the familiar objects that surrounded him. He was still in the studio, his mind pin-pointed on the small, inert body, the rumpled skirt, the glazed and staring eyes—those odd, untitled eyes that had amber lights in them, that had been so alive, so expressive, so much a part of her physical fascination for him.

He sat there for what could have been five minutes or five hours, in a stupor so rigid that he might have been dead himself. Gradually the mechanism of thought began to function again. The stupor passed and in its place came grief.

As the memories flooded back they came purged of bitterness and he saw her only as the loved and loving partner of his first mating, not the freiful, discontented woman she had latterly become. Who—who could have wantonly destroyed her in this brutal way? Who—and why?

Lost in his clamoring thoughts he was only dimly aware of sounds from the lower

part of the house. Male voices and the plop of feet ascending the stairs. There was a knock on the door and a man entered without preamble. Short, slight, dapper, in civilian clothes. Iron-grey hair with a wave in it and deep-set, pale-blue eyes. Following him came another who seemed enormous by comparison—burly, blue-jowled, thick-necked. This one carried a brief-case.

The first man said, "Mr. Hamilton?"

"Yes," Trevor pulled himself to his feet.

"I am Superintendent Ambrose of Scotland Yard. This is my assistant, Sergeant Carter. I have some questions to ask you."

"Very well. Please sit down."

Trevor drew forward two more chairs and then returned to his own. He observed that the Superintendent altered the position of the chair that had been proffered him, placing it so that the light from the window fell on Trevor's face, leaving his own in shadow. Trevor's brain suddenly began to function with supernatural clarity. The scene had an almost ludicrous similarity to a page out of detective fiction. The flat statements, the very appearance of the two men, their deft conventional movements, all were startlingly familiar.

HE might have written this himself, Trevor reflected—and wondered for a wild moment if he had—if he was, in fact, reliving one of his own short stories, the one about the missing bird-fancier. No—wait. This was the one about the dead dancer. Only no one had written it. This one was real. It was happening now in this room. The man who was about to be questioned by the detective was not Arthur Woodward, the ship-owner. It was himself, Trevor Hamilton, author, aged thirty-seven, of 19 Avenue Close, St. John's Wood.

The questions had already begun. He found himself answering automatically.

"Now, Mr. Hamilton," Superintendent Ambrose said briskly, "we are naturally sorry to have to intrude on you at a time like this. But you realise, I am sure, that we are dealing with a case of murder. Your wife's death could not possibly have been the result of a self-inflicted wound."

"Obviously not."

"From what Constable Ryder tells me you were reluctant to allow him to search the house to ascertain whether your wife was at home. Why was that?"

"Because I knew she wasn't. At least, I thought she wasn't."

"Could it have been because you knew she was lying dead in her studio? Was that the reason?"

"No. Of course it wasn't. How could I possibly have known she was there?"

"That is for you to explain. Now, if you will kindly make a statement covering your movements from the time you arrived home yesterday morning, Sergeant Carter will take it down and I shall ask you to sign it."

After a pause for recollection, Trevor began to speak.

"So, in effect," Ambrose said when he had finished, "you have no alibi from the time you landed at Heathrow until the constable called on you this morning?"

"If you have to put it that way, no, I suppose I haven't."

Trevor gripped the arms of his chair and half rose as he forced out the words. "Does this mean that you think—are you inferring that I killed my wife?"

"No. Simply that it would have been possible for you to do so, that is all."

"It would have been possible

for me to do a good many other things that I didn't do."

Ambrose ignored the retort.

"Mr. Hamilton, were you on good terms with your wife?"

"I—yes, certainly I was."

"It would assist us if you could offer some proof of that. But, even if you can't, it doesn't follow that we can bring a charge against you—yet. We have a lot of inquiries to make. But I must ask you for the time being not to leave town, and also to let me have your passport. If you will call at Scotland Yard at three o'clock this afternoon I will have your statement ready for signature."

The smooth, impersonal voice ceased. Sergeant Carter closed and fastened his brief-case. Both men rose to leave.

Trevor sprang to his feet. "Superintendent—one moment, please."

"Yes?"

"My wife—what arrangements am I to make for her—funeral?"

"We'll let you know after the inquest. Meanwhile, keep away from the studio until my men have finished what they have to do in there. Good-bye, Mr. Hamilton—for the present."

Trevor was left alone. The room was warm, but he began to shiver. Up till now he had regarded the police as a body of large, pleasant men who sorted out traffic jams and were kind to children. Now, in the person of Superintendent Ambrose, he had seen the implacable purpose of the man hunter who would move from step to step, from stage to stage, until he snapped the handcuffs on his quarry.

Presently the telephone began to ring. The caller was an agency reporter asking for biographical details about himself and Jenny. Standing with the receiver in his hand, he could see through the hall window a knot of people gathering outside the house. Several of them had the unmistakable look of newspaper men. One carried a camera carelessly slung from his shoulder.

The forces were gathering—the law, the Press, the public. Somewhere in Fleet Street a sub-editor would be scribbling a banner headline, the "morgue" would be searched for relevant cuttings, newshounds would be out with noses on the trail. Soon the whole pattern of his and Jenny's lives would be exposed to the world like a naked nerve. His anger mounted. Somehow this monstrous tide must be pushed back before it engulfed him.

He knew that he had very little time. An almost unshakable case could be built up against him. True, his fingerprints had not been taken yet, but it could not be long before they were. He had left them all over the studio on the various objects he had touched and handled when he went in there yesterday morning. The police had only his word for it that he had not entered since.

But somebody had. Somebody who had driven back with Jenny, some time last night, had gone into the studio with her and killed her and left her there in a crumpled heap where she had fallen, and stolen out again unseen, unheard. It must have been someone she knew, someone out of that closed circle of her other life from which he had been excluded.

It came to him suddenly that he knew very little about her, save that she had a number of such acquaintances. Who were they? Where did they live?

If there was a starting point it had to be somewhere within this shadowy circle. He needed help. He needed it desperately if he were not to be arrested in a matter of hours. And at least he knew where to go for it. There was someone who was equally a friend

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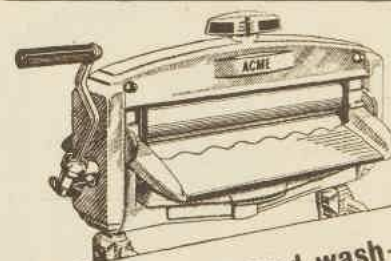
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 22, 1954



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Page 43



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10/9

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Continuing . . . Deadly Record

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of his, and Jenny—who had in fact introduced them to each other. Roberta Hudson lived close by. A theatrical designer, she had formerly created stage dresses for Jenny.

Trevor had known her for many years. There were times when his feeling for her had gone deeper than friendship. If he had not met Jenny it was probable that the two of them would have drifted into marriage. It would not have had the flame-like violence of Jenny's impact on his life, but it would have been warm, comfortable, secure, like Roberta herself.

He was in such haste to dial her number that his fingers were all thumbs. She was in. She answered the call in the husky, rich voice—her "dark brown voice" he called it—that he knew so well.

"Trevor—darling! What a surprise. I thought you were in Hollywood."

"I got back yesterday."

"You sound upset. What's wrong?"

He told her, and heard her shocked cry.

"What are we going to do?" she said.

He loved her for that "we"—the way she instantly ranged herself on his side, without a split second of doubt or hesitation, his ally, his friend and champion.

"Bobbie, I want you to think—think hard and fast. You must have been in touch with Jenny while I've been away. Had she been associating with anyone in particular—not necessarily someone you knew? Have you seen or heard anything that might give us a lead?"

A pause. Then: "Well, it may not amount to anything. I've been too busy to get around much and Jenny hasn't dropped in here for weeks. But about a fortnight ago I did see her, though not to speak to. I was having dinner at Angelo's in Greek Street and she came in with a dark, foreign-looking character. They walked right past me while I was paying my bill. I had an impression Jenny didn't want to see me."

"Did you recognise the man?"

"Well, I thought I did. I thought it was Ramon Casado, her old dancing partner. But it might not have been. He had a slouch hat on and his coat collar turned up. It could have been anyone, really. I only got the impression that it was Ramon."

"Even an impression is a straw to grasp at. One other thing. Who was Jenny's agent? I mean, formerly?"

"Phil Morris, Chandos House, Charing Cross Road. A good sort, and about as straight as they come in that line of business. Tell him you're a friend of mine and he'll help, if he can."

"Thanks, darling. I'm going to ring off and get cracking right away."

"Trevor, when am I going to see you?"

"It's a little difficult to say. I don't know how long I shall be at liberty, you see."

He heard a sharp intake of breath. "It won't—it can't happen. There must be some way of stopping it."

"If there is, we'll find it. Thank goodness you're there, anyway."

"Remember that. Whatever happens, I'm here."

"Bless you."

"Come and have supper with me."

"I'd like that, so long as I'm—if I'm able to. Goodbye, now."

Trevor went through the french windows into the garden. He saw over the low wall an ambulance drawn up in the mews. The rear door of the studio was ajar. Near it stood Sergeant Carter. Be-

yond him Trevor caught glimpses of a number of uniformed men and one in a white coat whom he took to be a doctor. He went up to the sergeant. "Am I allowed to go out?"

The man looked at him doubtfully.

"I've no instructions to the contrary, sir. But I wouldn't advise you to go far. The Super wants you down at the Yard at three."

"I'll be there, I promise," Trevor said.

Back in the house, in the act of reaching for his hat, he was overtaken by a wave of apathy, a foretaste of defeat. He wanted to react like a driven animal to the horror which had overwhelmed him, to hide himself in his lair and let the pursuit run its course.

He peered out of the window. The hunters were everywhere about him. The knot of reporters had been augmented. One of them came up the steps and rang the bell. The strident summons dispelled his apathy. His limited

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experience of Pressmen had taught him at least the folly of evasive tactics. He made up his mind to face them.

Opening the front door suddenly, he said, "Look, fellows, I can't stop you hanging around or taking photos of me and my house, if you want to. But there's little I can tell you except that I flew back yesterday from America and found my wife dead this morning. Murdered. Anything else you wish to know you must get from the police."

He faced the raised cameras, put on his hat, descended the steps and, brushing through the crowd, walked quickly away down the road and hailed a cruising taxi.

The first thing Trevor saw on alighting from the taxi in Cambridge Circus was a home-made placard with "Dead Dancer" chalked on it. A newsboy was shouting, "St. John's Wood Murder—read all about it!" Instinctively his movements became furtive. Already he was an outcast in his own city.

In the dingy entrance of an office building he saw a sign-plate announcing Philip Morris, Variety Agent, Third Floor. He went up in a creaking, hand-operated lift and stepped out into a chilly corridor. Facing him was a glass-panelled door marked "Inquiries." Inside, a bored-looking blonde sat behind a counter reading a film magazine.

"Could I see Mr. Morris, please?"

"Have you an appointment?"

"No."

"Sorry. He's busy."

Trevor took a card out of his wallet and wrote quickly on the back.

"Will you give him this and ask if he can spare me a few minutes?"

She took it, looked at it with marked distaste, and vanished through an inner door behind the counter. Almost immediately she reappeared again.

"He'll see you."

In the inner office a fat, grey-haired man sat at a desk, drinking in loud gulps out of a thick white mug. The air smelt of hot cocoa and stale ashtrays.

"Mr. Morris?"

"That's me. Always glad to see a friend of Bobbie Hudson's. Not looking for a job? No, of course you're not. I know you now. You're Jenny Hamilton's husband—Jenny Garcia that was. Lost me a nice client when you married her. Sit down. What can I do for you?"

"Mr. Morris," Trevor said without preamble, "if you haven't yet heard about this, you soon will. Jenny's dead. She has been—murdered."

In the shocked silence that followed he gave a brief resume of events.

"Anyone under suspicion?"

"Yes. I am."

Morris' thick eyebrows shot up. "Jeepers, that's tough."

"Mr. Morris, I've got very little time to try and dig up some other line of inquiry. Bobbie thinks you may be able to help me. She says she saw Jenny a fortnight ago with a foreigner whom she couldn't quite identify but who might have been Ramon Casado. I don't know if you are aware of this, but Jenny had been threatening to leave me and go back to the stage. I am wondering if, while I was away, she had been trying to team up again with her old partner."

Morris shook his head. "Shouldn't think so. She'd have been to see me if that's what she wanted. Hasn't been in here for a year or more. Quite thought she'd settled down to the domestic life. Anyway, soon check. He pressed a buzzer and shouted, "Miriam—bring the file on Casado."

After a few moments the blonde girl ambled in with a thin file which she slapped down on the desk. Morris thumbed through it.

"No. Wasn't him. He was working the Casino in Brussels then. Now he's in Paris. Got a new partner, too. Brazilian girl. So that's out. Sorry."

"Is it possible my wife might have gone to another agent?"

"Might have, specially if she wanted work abroad. I don't handle Continental contracts. Currency restrictions—and too many shady customers. But you'll have a nice job checking up on that line of country. At a rough guess I'd say there are a hundred agents, of a sort, to the square mile round about here. I'd forget it, if I were you. Leave the detective work to the police. They've got the resources. You haven't. If you're innocent, what have you got to worry about?"

Disconsolately Trevor left the office. He walked up Old Compton Street into Greek Street. It took him a while to find the place he was looking for—a small, discreet entrance beside a curtained window on which the name "Angelo" was painted in gold. Inside, the small dining-room was warm and clean. There was an

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CHILD CHAMP



2-year-old Garry McQuillan is "Australian Champion, 1974," says proud grandfather, Ern McQuillan—famous boxing trainer. "Garry loves to don the gloves," says Mrs. McQuillan. "He uses up plenty of energy, and to keep him healthy we give him Vegemite every mealtime." Another little "Vegemite" Your child deserves the firm body tissues, healthy nerves, good digestion and clear skin provided by a fresh supply of Vitamins B₁, B₂ and Niacin every day. Vegemite is rich in these essential vitamins because it's a pure yeast extract. Put Vegemite next to the pepper and salt whenever you eat the table. Made by Kraft. KV 88

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aroma of garlic and sweet peppers. A few early customers were ordering lunches. As Trevor hovered in the doorway an enormously fat man in a black coat and striped trousers bustled up to him. Trevor was far from hungry, but he allowed himself to be led to a table in the corner and served with a plate of ravioli milanese and a litre of Lacrima Cristi.

At first the smell of the food sickened him, but after trying a few mouthfuls he began to eat with growing enjoyment. The fat man, waiting proudly at his elbow for the expected panegyric from a new apostle, remarked astutely, "L'appetito vien con mangiare. You understand Italian, signor?"

"Enough to know what that means," Trevor smiled. "You are Mr. Angelo?"

"Naturalmente. I am Angelo. I do not need to introduce myself. All peoples who know good food know Angelo."

"I hope to be numbered among their company from now on," Trevor said, as he took another bite. "I am a writer. The world is my textbook. I know when I have met a great man."

Angelo, with emotion, extended a huge hand. Trevor shook it energetically.

"If you can spare a few minutes, will you sit down and take a glass of wine with me?"

"With much pleasure," Mr. Angelo. I am a stranger to you. But my wife has been a customer here. I wonder if you can remember her? She is very unusual looking."

He described her, and drew a quick response.

"But yes, signor. To have seen this lady once is to remember her long time. And I have seen her more than once. The last time was two-three weeks ago."

"She had a companion. A man of foreign appearance, who may have been known here. Can you, by any chance, tell me who he was?"

Angelo put down his glass. His eyes swerved. The fat face became expressionless.

"I am sorry, signor. While our customers are here we are concerned only to please them. Who they are, what they do, is none of our business."

"I understand that. I admire your discretion. But I am in great trouble. I can't tell you what it is, but if you knew it I am certain you would not withhold your sympathy or your help."

Angelo looked at him, a shrewd, appraising look. He touched Trevor's arm lightly with his fingertips and heaved himself to his feet. "Un momento."

He crossed the room and had a short conversation with one of his waiters. Returning, he stooped over Trevor and said, "The gentleman's name is Smyrnov. He is a Greek, connected in some way with theatrical business. When he is in London he stays at the Strand Palace Hotel. But he is often abroad, and then we do not see him for long times."

"The last time he came in was about a fortnight ago?"

"No. The last time was yesterday. Late in the evening. He ate only the plat du jour and left immediately afterwards."

Trevor's heart leapt.

"Was anyone with him?"

"He was alone, signor."

Trevor rose. He grasped Angelo's hand again.

"You are wonderful. Your establishment is wonderful. Your food and your service are magnificent. Will you bring me my bill, please? I have something important to

do and very little time in which to do it."

"I will have the bill made out at once. Arrivederci, signor. Buona fortuna."

Out in the street again, feeling warmed and cheered, Trevor noticed for the first time that it was a fine day. The sky was cloudless and the sun shone. It was two o'clock. An hour to go before he was due at Scotland Yard. He hailed a taxi and ten minutes later was in the main hall of the Strand Palace Hotel.

"I am sorry," the clerk said, replacing the telephone receiver. "There is no answer. Mr. Smyrnov is not in his room."

"Would he be somewhere else in the hotel?"

"It's possible. If you will wait, I'll call a page."

Trevor sank into an armchair whence he could watch the busy life of the place flow past and around him. From a distance came a boy's piping voice: "Paging Mr. Smyrnov. Mr. Smyrnov is wanted at the reception desk."

The wait seemed interminable. But presently a tall man with a black, pointed beard came out of the restaurant and walked up to the desk. The clerk pointed to Trevor. The man turned, stared in a puzzled way, and approached his chair.

"I am Boris Smyrnov. You have been asking for me?"

Trevor got up, his pulses quickening. Had he reached the end of the trail so quickly, so easily?

"I am so sorry if I interrupted your lunch."

"I had already finished. You wish to speak to me?"

"Yes, on an urgent and personal matter. Could we go to your room—or would you rather join me here?"

"Why not here?" Smyrnov lowered himself, with curious awkwardness, Trevor noticed—into the chair beside him.

"May I order you a drink?"

"Thank you, no. Some coffee, perhaps."

Trevor beckoned a waiter and ordered coffee for two. Then he proffered his cigarette case.

"My name is Trevor Hamilton. My wife's name is—was Jenny. You may have known her professionally as Jenny Garcia."

"Yes. Yes, that is so. A charming girl and a good artist."

Trevor paused. He had expected the dark eyes to take on a guarded look, but they had not done so. The man was smiling reminiscently.

"Mr. Smyrnov, I hope you won't mind my asking this, but how well did you know my wife and what was your recent business with her?"

"Why should I mind? I have known her for many years. I gave her her first engagement, in a night-club in Cannes. She worked for me regularly. Then I lost sight of her. Quite by chance

I met her again at a cocktail party given by a friend of mine. I took her to dinner the same evening and we talked about old times."

"Did she ask you for work?"

"No. I offered it. I am opening a casino in Nicosia and I need artists. I offered very good terms. But she refused. She said that she did not wish to leave London at the present time."

"You have seen her since?"

"No. She did not suggest it—and I am a busy man, you understand. I have much to do when I am in England."

"Mr. Smyrnov, do you read English newspapers?"

"Naturally I read them."

"I assume you haven't bought an evening paper today?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because, if you had done so, you would know that Jenny was found dead a few hours ago."

"Good heavens, she has killed herself?"

"No. She was murdered. Stabbed to death. By whom we don't know."

"Mr. Hamilton, this is dreadful news. I am most deeply sorry to hear it. But what can I do to help you? Why do you come to me?"

"Because I heard that you had been seen with her and I am making my own inquiries independently of the police. I know nothing of you beyond what you have told me. It is possible that you are holding something back and that you have good reason to do so. You have been associated with her past life—may at one time have been in love with her—"

Trevor broke off for the waiter was approaching with the coffee tray. Smyrnov said nothing until the waiter had withdrawn. Then he leaned forward.

"Mr. Hamilton, I am ready to tell you as much as you wish about my association with your wife—though I never had a love affair with her. But first will you be so kind as to fill my cup for me?"

Trevor complied, wondering at the nature of the request.

"Thank you," Smyrnov bent over the low table. Raising the cup only a few inches from the saucer, he put his lips to it. Then with obvious difficulty he pulled up the sleeves of his jacket and his shirt, exposing his forearms. Both of them were shrunken and twisted, no thicker than a child's.

"Polio, Mr. Hamilton," he said. "A scourge of my country. I cannot even lift that coffee pot. If you have been thinking that one of these apologies for arms could have struck the blow which killed your wife, you have been wasting your time."

Trevor flushed.

"I'm sorry," he stammered. "I apologise most profoundly." He rose.

"I, too, am sorry that I cannot help you. You must search elsewhere, my poor

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young man, for the murderer of your wife."

On a table in the large, comfortable room where Superintendent Ambrose awaited him lay a transcript of the statement Trevor had made that morning.

"Will you please read this, Mr. Hamilton?" Trevor read it through, painfully aware all the time of the keen blue eyes fixed on him.

"Is it correct?" "Yes, it's quite correct." "Sign it, will you? Thanks. I shall have to ask if we can take your fingerprints. That is just routine, you understand. But there are also some questions I want to put to you. You don't have to answer them, of course, at this stage. But if you decline, we shall naturally draw our own conclusions. You may, if you prefer it, have a lawyer present."

The voice was courteous, businesslike, but very cold.

"You can ask me what you like," Trevor said. "I have nothing to hide."

"Very well, then. We have established from the pathologist's report that your wife was killed sometime between ten and eleven o'clock last night. The dagger was driven with considerable force into her back, penetrating the left ventricle of the heart and causing almost immediate death. There were no prints on the hilt. Whoever had used it presumably wore gloves or else took care to wipe it afterwards."

Ambrose opened a drawer and took out an object which he placed in front of Trevor. It was a thin, gleaming stiletto about ten inches long, with a handle of chased metal.

"Can you identify the weapon? You may handle it if you wish."

"I don't need to. It's mine. I got it in Taormina, where we spent our honeymoon."

"Nasty sort of thing to buy, wasn't it?"

"I didn't think so. I wanted it for a paper knife, and that's what I used it for. But a little while ago my wife commandeered it. She used it as a prop in a dancing turn she gave for a concert for the Red Cross. I suppose it had been lying around her studio ever since."

"Had your wife any enemies?" "Absolutely none, to my knowledge."

"You can't think of anyone, some former associate, who might have had a grudge against her?"

"No. But then, I knew very little about my wife's friends. We didn't have a great deal in common and to some extent we lived separate lives."

Ambrose returned the dagger to the drawer and picked up the typewritten statement.

"Mr. Hamilton, you have told us that you were on good terms with your wife. That could be possible, in spite of the fact that you had little in common with her. But it doesn't appear to be the truth. We have interviewed your daily help, Mrs. Macgillivray, and she tells us that you and your wife quarrelled continually, and that she was within earshot on one occasion when Mrs. Hamilton threatened to leave you. Why did you make a false statement?"

"Because I—because the differences between us were of a trivial nature. They couldn't have had any bearing on what has happened."

"That is only what you say. Can you offer any proof of it?"

"No, I suppose I can't." Ambrose stroked his chin thoughtfully, but his eyes never left Trevor's face.

"You're not being much help

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to me. Or to yourself, either, if I may say so."

"Well, that's all for now. My man will take you down to our fingerprint department. You can go home when he has finished with you. But there will be a constable posted on duty outside your house."

Trevor stood up. His knees were trembling and he steadied himself against the edge of the table.

"Shall I be free to go in and out?"

"For the time being, yes. It is not our practice to prefer charges unless we have reasonable grounds. If and when the time comes for us to make an arrest we shall do so. But I may as well tell you that we are not satisfied with your story, and I must warn you not to go far afield without advising us of your destination. Good day to you."

Trevor went home in a mood of bleak despair. The house appeared to be deserted.

The reporters had gone, and the sightseers with them. But he glimpsed through the landing window as he went upstairs a blue-uniformed figure standing patiently by the door of the studio.

He washed and changed into another suit. Then he went down to the kitchen and made himself a pot of tea.

His thoughts ran round in a futile scramble. He decided to ring Hillyard, his solicitor, and had got halfway back to the hall before he remembered that there was nothing Hillyard could do for him at this stage. Not until he was definitely charged. He wondered how long that would be. Pretty soon, at this rate. Unless he could think up something—some other possible suspect.

There had to be another. Black as things looked, it occurred to him suddenly that he was actually in a stronger position than Superintendent Ambrose and his minions. He knew something that Ambrose didn't. He knew that he had not killed Jenny. But then he heard the cold, level voice asking, "Can you offer any proof of this?" and he said lamely, "No, I can't." And found that he was saying it aloud.

"I'm going crazy, he thought. Talking to myself. Why isn't there anybody to listen to me? Why am I alone here doing nothing, with the precious minutes ticking by? Then he remembered Bobbie.

He hurried back to the telephone, dialled her number and waited with a thumping heart. When at last her deep voice answered, such a wave of relief flooded over him that his whole body went limp.

"It's me, Bobbie. I know it's early. But can I come over straight away? It's like a tomb here. I can't stand it."

"Of course, darling. I'm get-

ting the supper now. It won't be much, I'm afraid."

"I'm not hungry. I just want to talk to you."

In a remarkably short time, he was entering Bobbie's flat.

He followed her into the kitchen. It smelled richly of grilled ham. Something bubbled on top of the stove. Bobbie snatched the lid off a pot and reached for the sherry decanter in one deft movement.

"Sit down and pour yourself a drink, darling."

She was wearing a frilly little nylon apron that barely encircled her ample waist, over black velvet slacks and a jade sweater.

Trevor felt an overmastering desire to touch and hold her. He held out his arms and she came to him calmly without hesitation or surprise. The warmth and strength of her, her brimming vitality, flowed into him and dispelled the icy misery.

After a long moment she drew away, poured the sherry, and said briskly, "How did it go today?" Sipping his drink, he gave her a full account.

"It all adds up to nothing," he ended. "Nothing at all. A whole day wasted. So what do we do now? Try and track down more of her nebulous friends?"

"It looks as though we'll have to. But where do we start? There were so many of them—some that I've met myself, others that were only names."

There were a couple of sprightly characters called Toni and Diego—they were a circus act—that used to come to the studio. And there was a Rumanian who used to bring a bottle of vodka. I don't know anything about him except that he was a Communist and talked a lot of rubbish."

"Look, Bobbie," Trevor said quietly, "don't bother to cudgel your brains. The very fact that there were so many of them rules out the whole lot, from our point of view."

"I don't see what you mean."

"It's very simple. We haven't the time, that's all. It would take us weeks to find and identify all those people."

"But what else could we do?"

"We can adopt the obvious alternative. Sit tight and take what comes."

Bobbie banged down the saucerpan lid.

"That's not like you," she said fiercely. "Nor me, either. If you imagine that I'm going to sit meekly down with my hands folded in my lap till they come and arrest you, you'd better think again. Think! Think! Do something—"

In the middle of dinner, with a speared mushroom on his fork, Trevor stopped eating and stared thoughtfully across the table. Meeting his gaze, Bobbie asked, "What are you thinking about?"

"Smyrnov," he said. "I'm not so sure it all adds up to

nothing, or that today has been entirely wasted, after all. I'm wondering why Jenny didn't take that job in Cyprus."

"Why should she?" "For two reasons. First, because we had agreed that a period of separation might be the best thing for us—that's why she wouldn't come to Hollywood with me—and, secondly, because I know how much she longed to dance again. Smyrnov's offer was, on the face of it, a very neat solution. Why didn't she take advantage of it? She told Smyrnov it was because she didn't want to leave London. That doesn't tally with what she told me."

"No, it certainly doesn't." "Very well, then. That brings us to the relative question: Why didn't she want to leave London? What new factor could have come into her life to cause such a change?"

Again their eyes met, this time in a glance of mutual understanding. Bobbie said cautiously: "Another man?"

"Perhaps. Very probably, in fact. But I haven't the least idea who it could be. She never dropped as much as a hint."

"Nor to me, either. But then, I doubt if she would, you know. She was very secretive in some things. Only—and there's a point here—she might have been less secretive with someone she didn't know quite so well. Would it be worth while to have another talk with Smyrnov? A man of that type is usually pretty shrewd where women are concerned."

"It might be well worth while," Trevor said. He rose from the table. "May I use your telephone? If he's going to dine at the hotel he'll probably be there now."

"Go ahead, darling. I'll brew some coffee."

After a considerable delay Trevor was put through to Smyrnov's room. The voice with the familiar thick accent answered at once.

"Yes? Who is speaking?"

"It's Trevor Hamilton."

"Ah. Mr. Hamilton, yes. You have found what you are seeking?"

"No, not yet. There's nothing new—except an idea. Can you spare me a few minutes?"

"By all means. I told you that I would like to help you if I could, and I do not use idle words. Please to ask me what you wish."

"That's very good of you. Of course, there may not be much more you can tell me than you've said already. What I want to know is this. When Jenny declined your offer of work in Nicosia, on the score that she did not wish to go away at that time, did she go into any further details?"

"You mean, did she say why she wished to remain in London? No, she did not. Doubtless she had some reason, but she did not confide it to me, nor did I try to extract it from her."

"But you did try to persuade her to go to Cyprus?"

"Certainly. I wished very much to engage her. As a dancer she was not outstanding, but she would always give of her best. She was reliable, and as an artist she had integrity. I had employed few who gave me less trouble. I was very sorry that she declined the engagement. I offered good money—frankly, more than she was worth to me—because of the regard I had for her. You think, perhaps, that this was strange for a man in my business?"

"No, I don't. It is obvious to me that you, too, are a person of integrity. What is strange, under the circumstances, is that my wife refused the engagement. She was pining to dance again. The fact that I was averse to this had estranged her from me and was making her very unhappy."

"Estranged? Unhappy? Ah,

To page 47



"Is there anything in it he can duplicate with his home chemistry set?"

no, Mr. Hamilton. Forgive me that I contradict you, but my impression of your wife was quite the reverse. She appeared to me a woman deeply in love and profoundly happy. It is not difficult to sense such things when you have long experience of dealing with the feminine temperament. I assure you that you are wrong. You should not reproach yourself. You have the strongest reason to feel gratified."

"Mr. Smyrnov," Trevor said quietly, "what you have told me does not answer the question. My wife may have struck you as a woman deeply in love, but she was not in love with me."

In the silence that followed Trevor could hear the bubbling of the percolator and the slap-tap of Bobbie's mules as she moved about the kitchen. He waited. At last Smyrnov said, "If I have—how do you express it?—spoken out of turn, if I have caused you pain, I beg your pardon. It was not intentional."

"On the contrary, you have been extremely kind and helpful, and have told me nothing I did not already suspect. I dare say you can guess what I want to ask next."

There was another pause. Then Smyrnov said, "To ask this will be useless. I cannot tell you. She gave me no hint. When you know the name of this man, you may perhaps have the information you need. From my heart I hope that you will obtain it."

"Thank you." As Trevor rang off Bobbie brought in the coffee. She put down the tray and tucked herself on to the settee while Trevor began to talk. But she was only half listening. She had an abstracted look. She filled both cups, and then, with her own poised halfway to her mouth, she suddenly exclaimed, "Trevor, I've just remembered something. Did you know that Jenny kept a diary?"

Continuing . . . Deadly Record

from page 46

"No, I didn't. I shouldn't have thought she was the type. How do you know?"

"Because I saw it, that last time she was here. We were planning to go to a show together and she fished the thing out of her handbag to check up on dates. It was of red tooled leather. There's just a chance it might give us a clue."

"It might, if we could find it. Personally I wouldn't know where to look. I'd no idea she had such a thing. In any case, if it was still in the same handbag at the time of the— at the time she died, it's probable that the police have got it. They went through her things pretty thoroughly and took a lot of them away."

"Did they take the handbag?"

"They took the one that was found in the studio."

"What was it made of?"

"Snakeskin, I think. Something greyish."

"The one she was using when she came here was black. I remember things more easily by colors than by shapes. If that one is still in the house, and if the diary is still in it—"

"Even so, it may not tell us anything. Not anything that's any use."

"Don't be so defeatist. At least we can look. It's a straw to grasp at, and it will give us something to do. Let's hurry now. I want to go round to your house and begin the diary-hunt."

Two hours later they were still hunting. The black calf handbag had been quickly located. It was in the top drawer of the dressing chest. But there was no diary inside it.

"It must have been in the snakeskin one," Trevor said. "That means the police have got it. Naturally they'll read

it. And if there is anything in the nature of a clue they'll be bound to follow it up. So that'll save us the trouble. I don't see the point of going on looking."

"Don't be so stupid. Of course you've got to go on looking. For one thing, the police may not have got it. It may still be here somewhere. And for another, even if they have, it may not be of much use to them. What I mean is, that Jenny may have written something in it that would only make sense to people like us who knew her intimately."

"I see that, but if it is here, and if it contains anything significant, she may have hidden it where we'd never dream of looking."

"For heaven's sake, Trevor, stop arguing. Just do as I tell you. I've got a hunch about this diary. I'll find it if I have to tear your house apart."

So the search had continued. They had emptied the cupboard, the wardrobe, and the chest of drawers in the bedroom and thrown the contents in a heap on the floor. Then they went out to the studio. The guard had been changed. Instead of the burly constable there was a younger, thinner man.

"May we go in, please?" Bobbie asked. "We want to look for something. Something personal of my own that I left in here. I was a friend of Mrs. Hamilton's."

"Well, I dunno, Miss. I've no special orders to keep you out. I suppose it's all right."

"Thank you." Then Bobbie looked round in surprise. Trevor had come to a dead stop a little way away and stood lost in brooding thought. He had barely heard the exchange between Bobbie and the constable. Now he muttered, "I think I won't, if you don't mind. I—I'd rather not."

He was gazing past Bobbie into the empty room. For him it was not empty. It was as he had last seen it, with the spread-eagled body on the floor, the hands and face pallid against the black linoleum, the blank eyes staring. A surge of grief shook him for the pitiful end of something young, vital, beautiful. His heart cried out her pet name. "Jenny—my poor little Jenny—wren!"

And in that same moment his personal terror receded, gave place to an emotion the stronger for being purely objective. A tremendous anger gripped him, a passionate fury directed at the unknown hand responsible for this ghastly thing. Whatever Jenny had done—and he could not exclude now the probability that she had been unfaithful to him—nothing she could have been guilty of, either to him or to anyone else, warranted such punishment as this.

The law was a cold weapon. It would take its course rightly or wrongly. His alone was the fiery sword that must hunt down this killer to the bitter end and pay the debt that was owed to Jenny. The debt of atonement.

He braced himself, rigid with his new resolution, forcing himself to face, as he now knew he must do, what lay within. Bobbie turned. She gave him a swift, keen look.

"Let's get busy," she said briefly.

At once he followed her into the room and they went methodically over it. The apparent orderliness of the studio proved to be superficial. Poked out of sight behind the screen, under the bureau and the divan,

in boxes, bundles, and heaps, was a mad miscellany. Old yellowing letters, bills, illustrations torn from magazines, shabby ribbons, scarves, a flounced skirt, an odd ballet shoe, a Mexican hat, a broken vase, obsolete telephone directories, soiled hand-towels, strings of beads, and sticks of greaspaint. Odds and ends and rubbish of every conceivable kind. But no diary.

They returned dejectedly to the house and went back to the bedroom. "If it's not there, it's got to be here," Bobbie said.

Jenny's clothes lay scattered about the room where they had been dumped out of emptied drawers and cupboards.

Trevor sank on to the edge of the bed. Beside him lay a sealskin muff. He reached for it and sat absently stroking the soft fur, while Bobbie knelt and examined each garment in turn, shaking it, turning every pocket inside out. At last she sat back on her heels. Her baffled gaze dwelt on Trevor. Suddenly her eyes narrowed.

"Give me that muff."

She thrust her practised hands inside and groped.

"There ought to be a—yes, I thought so. And—wait a minute. Here's something. Here it is!"

From an inner pocket she drew out triumphantly a small notebook bound in red leather. Together they sat on the bed, rifling through the pages. But within a few moments their eager looks had faded. The diary was no more than a memorandum. Instead of the close-packed intimate record they had expected, it offered nothing but a brief jotting of daily activities—films seen, hair-dressing appointments, lunch and dinner dates.

Telephone numbers were scattered at random, prefixed by often illegible scrawls—taxi rank, fishmonger, Peter L., something that might have been chimney sweep, something else with a capital W that could have been any Christian name or surname but might just as easily have been Water Board.

Once a week over the past three months occurred a laconic entry, "Treatment"—followed by an appointment time.

"What do these refer to?" Bobbie asked.

"Medical treatments. Her doctor's name was Morrow. A local man. She was anaemic and he had been giving her regular injections."

"I see." Bobbie's tone was listless. "Well, that's that. A fat lot of use this is after all the trouble we went to to find it. Where do we go from here?"

"We go to bed," Trevor said. "Do you know it's past midnight? Get your coat and I'll take you home."

"Don't bother, darling. I'll be quite all right. You look done in."

"So do you." Trevor saw her to the door. On the steps she paused, lifting her tired face to the starlight.

"I'm sorry your room's in such a mess."

"It doesn't matter," he said. Neither of them voiced the crushing disappointment that filled them.

"I have to go down town tomorrow morning, but I'll be back for lunch. Will you come round?"

"I'd like to. That is, if I'm—"

She stopped him by pressing her cheek to his lips.

"One o'clock tomorrow, then. Good-night, darling."

He watched her walk quickly away, her dark hair lifting in the wind.

To be concluded

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FOR ALL FISH DISHES

MACONOCHE'S SCOTCH HERRINGS

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Holiday menu

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

DURING the hot Christmas season many gastric disturbances in babies and young children are the result of new, rich, and unsuitable foods from the family menu.

Easily digested meals should be planned for children, but as it is a festive season most mothers feel that children should be given some different or party foods.

Here is a menu for small children for Christmas Day, or for any special party during hot weather. The recipes for the dishes suggested are also given.

● Early Morning. Orange juice or fruit-juice cocktail and a piece of ripe apple.

● Breakfast. Hard, crisp toast or toasted sandwich spread with either grated cheese or carrot, or with peanut butter mixed with chopped dates. Mock poached egg. Milk, plain or flavoured.

● Dinner. Giblet broth. Creamed chicken with carrots and green peas. Apple snow. Piece of fruit or drink of milk.

● Tea. Wholemeal bread and butter covered with "hundreds and thousands." Sandwiches with nutritious fillings, cut into various shapes. Fruit jelly or a flummery made by whipping unweetened condensed milk to which a little dissolved gelatine and sugar to taste are gradually added. Serve with whipped cream or ice-cream.

FRUIT COCKTAIL

Mix the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange and $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon together, sweeten to taste with rose-hip syrup, add a little ice, and shake.

MOCK POACHED EGGS

These can be made the day before. Boil 3oz. semolina in 1 pint milk with 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, and grated rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon. Cook for ten minutes, turn on to a pastry-board dusted with fine sugar and smooth it to about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. When cold, cut in rounds $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter and spread with thick custard. In the middle of each round place a ripe, fresh, or tinned apricot with the round side up so that it looks like the yolk of an egg.

CREAMED CHICKEN

Mince a little cooked breast of chicken, moisten with a little of the broth, and put into parsley sauce.

APPLE SNOW

Put pieces of sponge cake into individual glasses or sweet-dishes, pour over some hot custard and leave them to soak. Mash up the flesh of baked apples, add a little lemon juice and grated lemon rind and two tablespoons of castor sugar. Stir well to dissolve the sugar and leave to cool, then add two well-beaten egg-whites. Whisk beaten egg-whites into the apple mixture until it is stiff and snow-white, then pile up on the custard-covered cake in the glasses. Decorate with strips of anise-cream.

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Then shop where you see **Hotpoint** or the best you will have missed!

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- 2 A MANTEL RADIO provides year-round pleasure. £22/17/6.
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- 4 One hand and this FLOOR POLISHER for super-shiny floors. £32/17/6.



- 9 Toast just the way you like it. DE LUXE TOASTER. £4/1/-.
- 10 PORTABLE RADIO—operates from power-point indoors or batteries outside. £32/0/6.
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- 12 A CLOCK-RADIO is the gift for house-proud sleepheads. £24.
- 13 Boil, fry, toast and grill on this TABLE GRILLER. £11.

- 5 This new-type VACUUM CLEANER is a sensation in America. 36 guineas.
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TONY'S CHRISTMAS FARE

**These spectacular festive dishes were planned by
Tony, director of Sydney's fashionable Colony
Club, whose famous recipes have
now become one of our regular features**

THE preparation of a Christmas ham today is not such a laborious task as it was years ago when you bought the fresh ham and cured it yourself in prepared brine for a couple of weeks, then boiled it for hours and baked it to add the finishing touches.

"I am sure you will find this way of cooking a ham very easy and very tasty," says Tony. "I think the Australian cured hams are equally as good as the world-famous York hams."

BAKED HAM — COLONY CLUB STYLE

Soak a ham (about 15lb.) in cold water 6 hours before cooking. Then wash thoroughly in tepid water. If the ham is over a year old it will require longer soaking in water — from 8 to 10 hours.

Take the ham and place skin down in large boiler with cold water. Add three bottles of white wine (Sauterne) to cover the ham. Add 2 tablespoons of peppercorns, 2lb. brown sugar, 1 whole sliced pineapple, 6 cooking apples, sliced, and 3 bay leaves.

Bring to the boil slowly and simmer for about 2½ hours, adding hot water as the liquid boils away to keep the ham covered.

When the small bone becomes loose the ham is cooked enough. Do not pierce the ham as this will let out some juice. Peel off the skin while the ham is still hot, being careful not to tear the fat. Prepare some French mustard (mustard mixed with vinegar) and cover the ham with it. Sprinkle brown sugar over the ham, then spike it with whole cloves.

Put the ham in a large baking-dish. Add 2 bottles of Madeira and let it bake in a moderate oven until it becomes thoroughly brown, basting often with the liquor for about 30 minutes. Remove the ham from the baking-dish and let it get cold. This ham can be served either hot or cold. Serve with fresh uncooked peaches and ham mousse.

HAM MOUSSE MOULDS

Mince and pound 1lb. ham with 2ozs. butter, using a wooden spoon or a pestle and mortar. When well pulped add seasoning to taste and 2 dessertspoons port wine.

In another bowl mix 1 egg-yolk with 2½ level dessertspoons flour and ¼ cup fresh cream. Add gradually to ham mixture; blend well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, fill into greased mould.

Cover and steam approximately ½ hour. Allow to become quite cold. Then set a spoonful at a time in small moulds with clear savory jelly.

Decorate with peach halves, olives, and gherkins as preferred.

Decorative Moulded Flowers: This is the way to make the carnations shown flanking the ham. This method also applies to violets, roses, and other flowers for decoration.

Mix plain flour to a very stiff paste (pastry consistency) with water and desired coloring. Roll out very thinly on floured board and cut into small rounds or squares. Allow to dry slightly, then work into petal shapes with fingers. Cut outside edges of petals to give frilled effect for carnations. Keep fingers moistened while shaping with a thin cream-like paste of flour and milk. Mould petals into shape of flower. The flour-and-milk paste will make petals stick together. Place flower on a cocktail stick, colored to match.

PETIT COCHON DE LAIT (NEW ORLEANS SUCKING PIG)

This is an epicurean delight on festive holiday occasions and very decorative. It gives you a wonderful feeling of accomplishment to cook a whole little pig and it is actually much simpler than dealing with a turkey.

When cleaning, scrape the skin well, singe off all bristles, and pay special attention to the head and its orifices. It is impossible to give any set quantity of stuffing as sucking pigs vary in size so much.

Rub the surface and the interior with lemon and prepared mustard. Sprinkle a lot of salt and pepper both inside and outside. Then fill the interior with sliced raw cooking apples, cooked pitted prunes, and some chestnuts if you like them. This type of stuffing is very delicate.

Sew the pig together and cover the ears with greased paper to prevent them from burning. Cook according to your stove chart, about ½ hour to each pound of meat at 325 deg. F. Baste often with the pan juice.

Towards the end of the baking period, in order to obtain



BAKED HAM, Colony Club style, is a spectacular dish, and the accompaniments (prepared by the head chef of the Colony Club, Gianni Battista) are works of art. Small ham mousse moulds, sliced ham and peach halves make the edible decoration.

a crisp surface, the meat should be sliced directly across. The bones are mere cartilages and will slice through easily. Serve with creamy mashed potatoes. Put a bright red apple in the mouth. Use two black olives for eyes and place the pig on a bed of parsley.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING (for 10 persons)

No Christmas dinner is complete without the popular plum pudding.

One glass ale, 1 glass stout, 2 cups finely chopped beef suet, 4oz. raisins, 5oz. sultanas, 5oz. currants, 3oz. finely chopped lemon and citron peel, 2oz. blanched chopped almonds, ½ cup breadcrumbs, ½ cup flour, 1½ glasses brandy (8oz. glass),

2 tablespoons chopped apple, 8oz. rum, 1 teaspoon mixed spices, 3 eggs, 1 cup brown sugar, pinch of salt, juice of a small lemon, grated rind of a small lemon.

Mix all these ingredients together and moisten with 1 glass of ale, 1 glass of stout, 1 glass of brandy, 1 glass of rum. Fill a buttered pudding bowl, tie a muslin cloth over the top, and steam for 3 hours. When serving, warm for at least ½ hour and turn out on to a very hot dish. Sprinkle with sugar and pour remaining brandy over it and ignite. Serve with a Sabailon sauce.

Sabailon Sauce: Mix together ½ cup sugar, 4 yolks of eggs, and 1 cup dry sherry. Whip this in the top of a double boiler with very hot water, not quite boiling, at the bottom until it becomes fairly thick. Then pour over the pudding.

SUMMER RECIPE WINS CASH PRIZE



A JELLIED meat and vegetable mould, which is a tasty, ready-prepared dish for the holiday period, wins this week's prize of £5 in our recipe contest for Mrs. L. Darch, 64 Kent St., East Victoria Park, W.A.

PATTY CAKES topped with strawberry icing and halved strawberries are good to serve to Christmas callers. For strawberry icing add 1 teaspoon strawberry jam to soft butter icing and mix.

When unexpected Christmas guests drop in, you will have no worries if you have this jellied mould ready to serve. The flavor does not deteriorate if kept up to three days in a refrigerator.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

JELLIED SUMMER MOULD

One and a half cups diced cooked meat (lamb, veal, rabbit, or poultry), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped cooked ham, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced celery, 1 tablespoon chopped shallots, 1 cup diced cooked

parsnip, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups tomato juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water, salt and pepper to taste, 2 hard-boiled eggs, olives.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add tomato juice. Set a thin layer of jelly in base of wetted recess-tin. Combine meat, ham, celery, parsnip, and shallot, add balance of gelatine mixture, season to taste. Carefully fill into mould, chill until firm. Unmould on to bed of lettuce, fill recess with chopped hard-boiled eggs. Garnish with sliced olives and parsley.

Our family dish

THIS week's family dish is planned to help those who find poultry too expensive but would like something special for holiday meals.

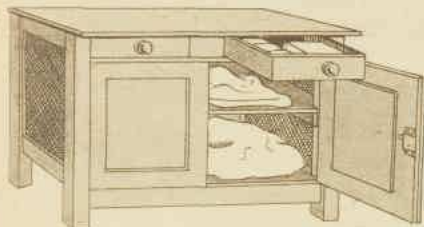
This dish, which costs approximately six shillings and fourpence, not only serves four generous helpings but yields cold slices to include in picnic salads.

MOCK CHICKEN LOAF

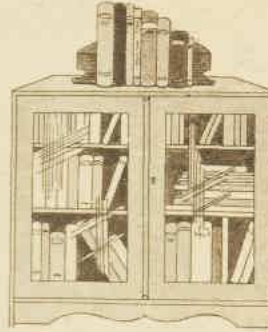
One cooked rabbit, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups white breadcrumbs, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, pinch nutmeg, 3 shallots or 1 small onion, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely diced celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped tomato, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, browned breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup

grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon milk, 1 teaspoon each Worcestershire and tomato sauce, pinch mustard, 1 teaspoon butter or substitute.

Remove meat from rabbit bones, mince or chop finely. Mix with breadcrumbs, celery, tomato, chopped onion or shallot and parsley. Heat milk with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, pour over rabbit mixture. Add beaten eggs, and mix thoroughly. Fill into greased loaf-tin coated with browned crumbs. Bake in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Turn out loaf on to heated dish. Spread top with cheese mixed with remaining ingredients and broiled slightly until evenly mixed. Cook 3 minutes under hot grill or return to oven for 7 or 8 minutes. Serve hot or cold.



LINEN CUPBOARD (left) and bookcase (right), which were made from the old-style kitchen dresser shown in the centre sketch. This entry won the £3/3/- cash prize in our interesting homemakers' contest.



Homemakers' contest

THIS week we selected the prize-winner in our something-new-from-something-old contest from the many ideas sent in for conversion of an old-style dresser.

Mrs. J. Baltis, 73 Highclere Ave., Punchbowl, N.S.W., wins the £3/3/- prize with the following details and the sketches shown above of her suggestion.

"We had no use for our dresser," she writes, "so we made it into a bookcase and a soiled-linen cupboard for the laundry."

"The top section of the dresser with shelves and glass doors was sawn off, turned upside down, and then repainted. This made a nice bookcase for our son's room."

"The only alteration needed

to make the linen cupboard was to remove the scroll supports and the back board between the top and lower sections of the dresser."

"This cupboard is ideal for the laundry, as the wire sides allow air to circulate through soiled linen. Coloreds can be

kept on one shelf, whites on the other, the drawers are handy for starch, soap, and other laundry items, and the wide table-top is useful for folding and damping down clothes."

Send entries to The Editor, Homemaker Department.

COOKING HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS TURKEY

A TURKEY, roasted to a turn and served either hot or cold, is a traditional item on the Christmas dinner menu.

When choosing your turkey look for a clean skin with few pin-feathers and no bruises or discolorations. The breast and legs should be plump.

Stuffing for 8lb. to 12lb. turkey (crop only): Five cups breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 2 egg-yolks, 2 dessertspoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon thyme or marjoram, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, lemon juice. Combine all dry ingredients and mix with egg-yolk, lemon juice, and melted shortening.

Do not pack stuffing too tightly or the skin will break. The stuffing expands while cooking. Rub inside of bird with salt before stuffing.

Truss the turkey by binding the legs and wings to the body. Skewer the flap that holds the seasoning in the crop, and

securely close the body opening with fine twine or two or three small skewers.

To cook the turkey, brush surface of bird thoroughly with fat, place on rack in shallow baking-pan. Start the cooking with the breast side down, turn on to each side every hour and then breast side up for the last hour of cooking time.

Bake in a very moderate oven, keeping temperature low and steady throughout cooking.

BAKING CHART

Weight of bird ready to cook.	Time in Hours.
4 to 8lb.	3 to 4
8 to 12lb.	4 to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
12 to 16lb.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5

Test turkey 25 to 30 minutes before cooking time is up. Press fleshy part of drumstick with fingers, protecting them with a cloth or paper. If it is done, meat will feel soft. Or move drumstick up and down. If leg joint gives readily it is done.

HOW TO CARVE A TURKEY

Carving a well-roasted turkey at the table is a ceremony that everyone enjoys. When roasting the turkey plan the time so that the bird is out of the oven 15 to 30 minutes before it is to be carved to allow the meat juices to be absorbed.

To start the carving, the turkey is tipped on its side with the breast towards the table.

The method outlined here for carving is also used for half turkeys.

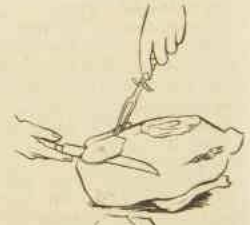
To remove the wing tip and first joint: Grasp wing firmly, lift up, and sever between the first and second joint. Place wing tip and first joint portion on the side of the serving-plate. This part is not customarily served. Leave the second joint attached to the bird.

To remove the drumstick: Grasp end of the drumstick, lift up and away from body, disjuncting it from the thigh or a second joint of the leg. The latter is left attached to the bird. Slice meat from drumstick by holding up-right and slicing down in parallel uniform slices.

To remove the thigh bone: Anchoring the carving-fork where it is most convenient to steady the bird, cut slices of thick meat parallel to body until bone is reached. Run point of knife around thigh bone. Lift up with fork and remove bone. Then slice the remaining thick meat. The choice dark meat above the thigh in the spoon-shaped section of the back-bone is called the "oyster." Use the point of the knife to lift it out.

To slice the white meat: Begin at the front end of turkey and slice until wing socket is exposed. Remove second joint of wing. Continue slicing white meat until enough slices have been provided, or until breast bone is reached.

To remove stuffing from hole in cavity under thigh: Slit thin tissue in thigh region with tip of knife and make an opening large enough for serving-spoon. The stuffing in the breast may be served by laying the skin back on to the platter.



larger reaction than usual." He gave another gulp. "I spoke kind of sharp to her that, for her own sake, you've got to take a pull at yourself," I told her. "You can't let your feelings get the better of you like this." She clung to me tight. "But I . . . I can't help it," she murmured. "I've tried, honestly I have. But it's deep inside me. You're at home now, but during the war weren't there times when you'd have done anything—anything, just to be sailing home again?" "Sometimes I dream I'm back, riding slowly through the bush with Dad and Marcy for the sheep. I can almost feel the jog-jog of old Jenny beneath me and the fierce heat of the sun burning into my shoulders. We're always going towards the homestead with its wide verandahs and red corrugated iron roof. "And suddenly I feel that I must get there; that Mum's all alone and I must get to her. I try to make Jenny go fast, but she won't go fast. She . . . she won't go at all. "I tightened my hold of her. We'll do something, kid," I assured her, like I knew what I was talking about. Then I felt a bit sick inside, and I had to ask gruffly, "Haven't I . . . haven't I . . . ?" A fierce whisper from Billie interrupted me. "You've been wonderful, Sam. I couldn't ask for a better husband. Oh, I don't want to have this feeling." She dropped her head against my shoulder. "I don't want to have it." We clung to each other until I could feel Billie get calmer. Suddenly she lifted her head and whispered, "Couldn't you talk to Mr. Blickenburger? Couldn't you ask him for a year of absence on half-pay? You're a fine person, Sam. He wouldn't want to lose you."

Continuing . . . Make Mine a Kangaroo

(from page 3)

I swallowed hard. "Look, honey," I said. "Maybe you think I'm quite a guy, but where Mr. Blickenburger stands I'm not sure. Sometimes I even get the idea he'd think more of me if I were some animal he could shoot and skin for a rug."

Billie stiffened at that. I thought she felt indignant, but when she shot up into a sitting position, I knew she'd got another idea. I held my breath. She swivelled around and knelt beside me in a huddled ball.

"My word, of course," she breathed excitedly, "I've been trying to sell him the wrong kind of idea."

"Huh?" I grunted, flicking on the bedside light.

"You'd say Mr. Blickenburger was pretty keen on hunting, wouldn't you?" she demanded.

"Pretty keen? Honey, he's nuts about it."

"Then, what I should have been trying to put across to him," Billie explained, "is that he hasn't lived until he's been kangaroo hunting with you."

"Been kangaroo hunting with me? You gone crazy or something? I've never been kangaroo . . ."

"Oh, yes you have. Remember, back during the war, the time we were driving Dad home along that bush road . . ."

I remembered the time all right. We were in that mechanised wheelbarrow Billie called a car and darned if a big boomer, a seven-foot model, didn't hop across the road and bang into us. It knocked the car sideways and knocked itself right out. Billie's Dad took a snapshot of me trying to revive the big brute.

And, so help me, that's the nearest I've ever been to hunting a kangaroo. But anything

to keep the bright and hopeful light in Billie's eyes, I figured, so when she wanted to look at that snapshot right away I got up and finally unearthed it in the bottom box of six in the garage.

The next morning she dropped into the office and showed it to Mr. Blickenburger. She was with him about thirty minutes and then he ushered her out and over to my desk.

"Why, my boy, I didn't know you hunted," he boomed. "Sure, sure," I said, studying my fingernails intently. "But I don't do much here. It's kind of tame after kangaroos."

"What sort of gun did you use?" demanded Mr. Blickenburger.

"Gun?" I looked disdainful. "My technique didn't call for a gun. I caught 'em alive."

Even Billie looked astonished at that so I got up and said firmly that I was just about to leave on a three-day sales trip to the outskirts of my territory. I figured it'd be better to get out and let Billie blitz Mr. Blickenburger with the unique hunting possibilities of Australia in her own way.

And blitz him she did, according to how she reported it to me when I got back. He took her out to lunch and she gave him the works. She must have built me up as a cross between Buffalo Bill and Dr. Livingstone, because Mr. Blickenburger insisted that he take us out to dinner the night I got home.

We were to meet him at the Cafe Estrada. I was jittery about the whole deal, as Billie had got to feeling that if we were going to put it across at all tonight was the night.

She looked so starry-eyed as

we wound our way through the red-and-yellow covered tables to the corner where Mr. Blickenburger was seated that I tried to will the old boy into being co-operative.

Halfway through the hot tamales, the Cafe Estrada's special challenge to the digestion, Mr. Blickenburger sounded the bell for the beginning of Round One. "Sam," he said, "Billie has almost got me persuaded I should take a trip to Australia."

I could see Billie's fingers tighten on her fork as I allowed an expression of pleased surprise to break over my face.

Mr. Blickenburger impatiently pushed his plate from him and looked over at me. "Are those kangaroos as tricky to catch as Billie says they are?"

Not knowing to what lengths Billie had gone on this subject I just nodded my head.

"Yeah," I replied conservatively, "it's quite a feat catching a kangaroo."

"And there's not a man better at it than Sam," enthused Billie. "Why, you should hear what the aborigines say about him. 'Pretty smart fella, that Sam,' they say. 'No one else catchem kangaroo like Sam catchem kangaroo.'"

Well, she could say that again.

Billie leaned forward and gazed at Mr. Blickenburger as if she were getting ready to hypnotise him. "If you miss kangaroo hunting with Sam," she warned him dramatically, "you'll miss the most unique, the most breath-taking experience in your life."

Mr. Blickenburger almost began to drool. "I'd sure like to bag a kangaroo," he muttered.

There was a tense silence. Billie and I stared fixedly at Mr. Blickenburger and he

stared off into space. Somewhere, down inside me, an uneasy feeling began to squirm.

There was something wrong with this picture. I couldn't for the life of me think what it was right away. Suddenly it hit me. Old Blickenburger was taking too long to make his decision. That was bad.

And yet his next remark was plenty encouraging. He turned and beamed at me. "Sam, my boy," he announced, "let's make it a date, you and me, to go kangaroo hunting."

I was startled. An amazed grin was just appearing on my face when he pulled the rug right from under me.

"Maybe," he said, "maybe, in three or four years we could take some time off and make the trip, eh, Sam?"

In three or four years? With Marcy getting married at Christmas. Holy mackerel! I gazed at him as if he were Frankenstein in person. What a heck of a mess he was going to make out of our happy home life!

And, boy, do I mean mess! Billie's spirits plummeted to a new low when she finally realised that Mr. Blickenburger was perfectly content just to think about kangaroo hunting as some dim project in the future; that, though he enjoyed getting all hot and bothered about the prospect, he'd never do anything concrete about it.

And yet he wouldn't let us alone so Billie could put it right out of her mind. He'd drop in on us any old time and yackety-yack about the kangaroo that had his name on it. It got us both to the point of chewing hunks off our fingernails.

And when Billie got another

To page 52

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



REFRIGERATOR CHEESE CAKE

from the recent £1,450 KRAFT Recipe Contest (Section 2)



"Here's something really new in cake making", says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert. "Delight your family and guests with a delicious

REFRIGERATOR CHEESE CAKE

Ingredients: 1 cup finely crushed Chocolate Ripple biscuit crumbs (¾ lb.); one-third cup shortening.

Filling: 1 oz. gelatine; ¾ cup cold water; 2 eggs, separated; 1 teaspoon salt; ¾ cup top milk; ¾ cup sugar; ½ cup milk; 8 oz. finely grated Kraft Cheddar; rind and juice of a lemon.

Method: Soak gelatine in ½ cup of cold water and then dissolve over a low heat. Beat egg yolks, salt, sugar and milk and cook slowly, stirring all the time until the mixture thickens. Remove from heat, add the gelatine, mix thoroughly and cool. Meanwhile, beat the grated cheese and lemon rind to a smooth cream with the lemon juice and the top milk. Blend the egg mixture into the creamed cheese gradually, and beat until smooth. Put aside to set. Melt the shortening and pour on the biscuit crumbs, reserving a little to sprinkle on top. Mix well and press into a cake tin with a removable base (if available) or a pie dish. Beat the whites to a stiff foam and fold lightly into the crumb-lined cake tin or pie dish, sprinkle the remaining crumbs on top and chill. Although this is called refrigerator cake, it can be made quite successfully without freezing, or with only an ice-box. Six to eight generous serves.

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Continuing

Make Mine a Kangaroo

from page 51

tell Papa what you've been up to."

A troubled look appeared on Billie's face. "If Mr. Blickenburger hadn't really wanted to go kangaroo hunting more than he wanted to do anything else, then this wouldn't have had any effect on him. But he did want to."

She put an appealing hand on my arm. "And I didn't even call him up about it being in the paper. Honestly, Sam, he must have wanted..." She looked worried. "You're not going to tell..."

"Let me look at the paper."

Billie brushed aside some fluffy underthings and produced the paper, already folded at the right page. She handed it to me. "There," she said pointing to a small item on top of an advertisement for washing-machines.

I looked closer. It was a Blickenburger's advertisement. No wonder Billie hadn't had to call Mr. Blickenburger's attention to her literary effort. She and Joe had made sure that wouldn't be necessary. I clutched the paper more firmly and took it over to the window. Billie watched me apprehensively. As I read I realised that the timing mechanism was the important part of the bomb that Billie had put under Mr. Blickenburger. Under the heading "Kangaroo Hunting to be Banned" was this interesting little paragraph:

"It is rumored that in the near future, the Australian Government will decide to add the kangaroo to the list of protected animals in the Commonwealth. A Bill concerning this matter is said to be coming up before Parliament some time in the next two months. As there is no doubt that it will pass, the days of the kangaroo hunter are numbered."

I read the paragraph twice. Wow! Billie had put something over on Mr. Blickenburger for sure. I read the paragraph again and then I began to laugh. I flicked the paper on to the floor and turned and took Billie in my arms.

What was I worrying about my job for? Mr. Blickenburger would be the first to appreciate Billie's shrewdness, and he'd have such a heck of a good time Down Under with Billie's family to show him about. I'd be willing to bet when we got back he wouldn't kick me out; he'd make me Sales Manager instead.

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FOR THE CHILDREN



They'll whisper about you!



Perspiration odours do offend

Play safe-use **MUM**

EVERYTHING will be just right for the grand occasion—except for one thing! She's forgotten to make sure of her personal freshness with an extra 30 seconds' toilet care.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 22, 1954

Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3482.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make child's sunsuit. Sizes 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 1 yd. 36in. material and 1 yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/-.



F3483.—Pretty, short-skirted party frock. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3484.—One-piece frock with attractively draped bodice top. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6 1-8 yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3486.—Smartly styled short-sleeved shirtwaist frock. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3485.—Button-front sleeveless tennis frock designed with an above-knee-length skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3 1-3 yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3487.—Slender-line one-piece with cool halter top bodice. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.



FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 145 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address: Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 866, G.P.O., Auckland.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from the date of publication.

No. 808.—SUNFROCK AND BOLERO

Smart summer two-piece obtainable cut out ready to make in British cotton styled with a contrasting check trim. The color choice includes blue with a blue-and-white check trim, green with a green-and-white check trim, and white with a red-and-white check trim. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust. 35/6; postage and registration, 2/9 extra. 36in. and 38in. bust. 37/3; postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

No. 809.—DUCHESS SET

An unusual flower design is featured on a three-piece duchesse set. The set is obtainable in cream Irish linen and in sheer linen in white, blue, green, and brown. Sizes: large mat. 17in. x 14in.; small mat. 8in. x 8in. Price, 5/11. Postage, 9d. extra.

No. 810.—LINEN TEA-TOWELS

The towels have multi-colored borders and are obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider. Size 22in. x 32in. Price, 5/11 each; postage, 6d. extra. Set of three, 17/9. Postage, 1/6.

No. 811.—CHILD'S PINAFORE FROCK

The frock is obtainable cut out ready to make in a pin-spot cotton. The color choice includes green, red, and blue spots, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: 18in. length for 2 years, 17/8; 19in. length for 3 years, 17/11; 20in. length for 4 years, 18/11; 22in. length for 5 and 6 years, 19/9. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra.

NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



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MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are invaded by bank robbers. The thieves have buried their loot in the garden and are using the house as a hideout until the police

give up the search. Mandrake starts to confuse them with his hypnotic tricks. The stairs trip them up, the stove spouts water, and the beds toss them on to the floor until they think they are going mad. NOW READ ON:

THE HOUSE SEEMS TO VANISH IN A FLASH—STAND IN THE OPEN!

MIND! I GO OUT FOR SOME AIR?
NO, SIRREE! I'M LOOKING UP! NOBODY'S LEAVIN' THIS HOUSE!

WHAT HOUSE?

OUR PHONE LINE IS CUT. IF I CAN GET LOTHAR TO A PHONE—
LOTHAR, MIND GOING UP THE ROAD FOR CIGARETTES?
NO, SIRREE! YOU BOTH STAY HERE!

WHERE'S THE HOUSE?
OH—THERE IT IS!
WOW—I'M DIZZY! ARE WE SEEN THINGS?
I'LL TRY TO KEEP THEM HERE UNTIL WE REACH THE POLICE. I MUST BE CAREFUL—THE THIRD ROBBER IS TOO FAR OFF TO BE HANDLED WITH HYPNOSIS.

THE TOBACCO STORE ISN'T FAR—HE'LL BE BACK QUICKER THAN YOU COULD PHONE!
MANDRAKE GESTURES—LOTHAR SEEMS TO RISE INTO THE AIR—

GOOD NIGHT! HE SUDDENLY TOOK OFF—LIKE A JET PLANE!
OR A BULLET!

BUT THE THIRD ROBBER, NOT UNDER MANDRAKE'S SPELL, SEES WHAT REALLY HAPPENS, AS LOTHAR SIMPLY WALKS AWAY.
HEY, ARE YOU TWO GUYS BARMY—LETTING THE BIG FELLOW WALK OFF?

HE DIDN'T WALK OFF, ED—HE FLEW AWAY—
—RIGHT THROUGH THE AIR, LIKE A BULLET!
HUH? YELL LOUDER—I CAN'T HEAR YOU! IT SOUNDED LIKE YOU SAID—HE FLEW AWAY.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 22, 1954

TEENA *by Linda Terry*



BOY THIS BIKING OUGHTA
TAKE OFF MILLIONS OF
POUNDS!



PHEW! IT'S
HOT!



'Marta'

NOTE: Please make a second color
choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.
If ordering by mail, send to address
given on page 53. Fashion Frocks
may be inspected or obtained at
Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645
Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

● Fashion Frocks are avail-
able for only six weeks from
date of publication.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"MARTA" - Sleeveless one-piece dress designed with a flatter-
ing bodice top and soft fullness in the skirt. The material
is printed silk jersey obtainable in turquoise and white, blue
and white, green and white, brown and white, red and white, mustard
and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and
34in. bust, 59/11; 36in. and 38in.
bust, 62/6. Postage and registra-
tion, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and
34in. bust, 39/9; 36in. and 38in.
bust, 41/6. Postage and registra-
tion, 2/6 extra.

"CORAL" - Pretty button-through
dress obtainable in printed British
cotton. The cotton is printed with
an overcheck and is obtainable in
red, black and white; green, black,
and white; blue, black, and white;
and lemon, brown, and
white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes
32in. and 34in. bust,
63/6; 36in. and 38in.
bust, 67/3. Postage and registra-
tion, 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes
32in. and 34in. bust,
45/11; 36in. and 38in.
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'Coral'



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